



Class

Book

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

Press of The Merry War,
Clinton, Iowa



ANECDOTES
OF



BUFFALO BILL

Which Have Never Before
Appeared in Print.

By His
Boyhood Friend and "Pard"
D. H. Winget.

Clinton, Iowa, June, 1912

THIS BOOK
IS
TO BOYS
FOR BOYS
ABOUT BOYS

01.1. 4.20

\$2.00

© CL A319652



"BILLY" CODY.

The Original Boy Scout.

This cut is reproduced from a drawing made from an old tintype taken after he had made his first scout, and killed his first Indian. Age about 14 years. I'll tell you more about Billy, further on.

To the
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

I Dedicate This Book,
and with my compliments
and those of Col. Cody
To

GENERAL BADEN POWELL
The Organizer of the movement.

Boys be true to his teachings, and you will
have the esteem of all America.

You will have clean hands
and brave hearts.

You will be the pride of the Original Boy
Scout, "Buffalo Bill," and I'll be
glad I wrote this book
for you.

Let me hear from you all.

Sincerely your friend,

D. H. Winget



"PARDS"

D. H. WINGET
The Writer

COL. W. F. CODY
Buffalo Bill

"PARDS"

Facing this page is a photo of the writer and Col. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," taken at Chicago in April, 1912.

Half a hundred years have gone since first we knew the depth of friendship of "boy pards," and time has only strengthened and intensified that friendship, until now, in the days of civilization, we can still look each other in the eye and read there that deep true friendship which can only be expressed by "Pard."

WHY THIS BOOK?

When I conceived the idea of writing this book, true to life as I recall the scenes and anecdotes, I felt that, so far as facts were concerned, I could do it. I have made no flowery flourishes which would take me from the narrow path of truth. I have not dressed the stories in rosy hues, to make a yellow impression, nor have I in a single instance departed from facts, though on some exact dates I may not be accurate. The names I give are real names, the people of this story are or were real people. Having decided, I next asked permission of my "Pard," which, with the answer is reproduced by "Two Letters" following this.

TWO LETTERS—NO. 1, REQUEST.

Clinton, Iowa, Oct. 17, 1911.

To Col. W. F. Cody.

My dear Col:—

I have conceived the idea of writing a book, "Anecdotes of Buffalo Bill which have never appeared in print." I believe as well as anyone now living besides yourself, I am fitted to write this. It shall tell of our boyhood days, of days which we passed in the west, when the west was young; of the days when history was being made at the point of the pistol, and not infrequently at the end of a rope. Of the days of "bad men" and bad Indians. Many of the little stories you will recall and many of them will have been forgotten, but you'll recall them.

I shall not go into this without your permission, and to be honest with you I shall tell you now that our boyish pranks shall come to the foreground, no matter if they do hit us close. We were no worse than other boys and to tell the truth, we were no better.

Can you stand it?

Your boyhood pard,
D. H. Winget.

TWO LETTERS—NO. 2, PERMISSION.

BUFFALO BILL'S PAWNEE BILL'S
and
WILD WEST FAR EAST
Enroute,

Northfolk, Va., Oct. 30, 1911.

D. H. Winget,

My Dear Old Pard:—

You say you are going to write a book of "Anecdotes of Buffalo Bill which have never appeared in print."

You have my full permission. Stick to facts, write history, for in this particular line I know of no one more able to do it than yourself.

Of course it may hit hard in places, but we were no better than other boys. If you can stand it, I can, so fly at it.

And I wish you unbounded success,

Your friend and pard,

W. F. Cody,

"Buffalo Bill."

HASHED HISTORY.

Not Dry Picking with Dates, Miles and Stilted Historical Dove tailing.—Just a Bunch of Anecdotes of Buffalo Bill Which Have Never Appeared in Print.—Recollections of "Billy Cody," the Boy, by his Boyhood "Pard."—Brief Notes of His Doings as Scout, Indian Fighter, Pony Express Rider.—In Short, Just Tales of Buffalo Bill from Boyhood To Now, As I Recall Them.

This book has not to do with Indians entirely. It is not written to take place in the line of those yellowback blood-and-thunder stories of the prairies, written by people who were never west of the Ohio line or north of Kokomo, Indiana. It is intended to be hashed history, if so I may term it. It does not take up the story and follow day by day the doings of Buffalo Bill. That would be too much like the route card or itinerary of his Wild West show.

This is just a bunch of anecdotes of the

boy and man, as they recur to me, backed by no notes or data save memory. It is not a history of the King of Scouts as a scout, though of this line of brave men, he was the bravest. It is not a tale of the Pony Express, though he was one of its first riders. It is not a story of the man as a show man, though he has been seen in the saddle with his peerless historical pageant by more people than any other man living or dead in history.

No, all this has been printed and reprinted in the public press, in magazines, in books, and is to many an old story.

It has been left to me, his boyhood chum and "pard," to gather up the threads here and there which have been missed by the historians and story writers, because they did not know, and to weave them into the fabric of his life, using names as I can remember them, and dates where I am sure of them, but keeping so close to actual history that both the writer and the one writer of can sit on a bible and make affidavit to the whole. And this is what we might call "patchwork" history.

I have heard people say, speaking of Buffalo Bill that he was never on the plains

never a scout, never saw an Indian, never killed an Indian, and an editor away out in Cheyenne, where to my certain knowledge Cody killed two Indians, writes in his "sage brush" philosophy that Buffalo Bill never saw a hostile Indian in his life, when there is at least two people living in that city, James Currie and Ed. Estes, who were with us when Cody killed two Indians, and rescued a man named Hillyard Cooper from them after they had killed his wife before his eyes, the man securely bound to the wheel of his "moving" wagon.

BUFFALO BILL'S FACE.

Probably Known by More People Than Any Other Man of the Century, Living or Dead.—A Letter Bearing His Picture Only Finds Him in London, England.—Cody, as Boy and Man, Scout and Guide.—A Maker of History. Known the World Around.—The Wild West and Western Boys.—“Chuckaway” and Tea Kettles.—Sugar and Ponies.

I will venture to say that Buffalo Bill is the best known man in the United States if not in the world.

I say this because I believe I can prove it. Some years ago I mailed a letter to him from Clinton, Iowa, and it reached him in London, England, bearing for superscription only his picture and the word “England” on the envelope, and last year (1911), I sent many letters to him in this country addressed the same way.

As I say, many people know him as

Buffalo Bill, the showman, and the Chief of Scouts of the U. S.

Still a large number know him as a guide and buffalo hunter.

But I am not afraid of contradiction when I say there is but a handful who know him as "Billy Cody," the school boy.

Well, I am of that handful, I know him as a boy—a school boy, and this is my excuse for writing this, the unvarnished story of his early life, bringing it down as late as I may, with little sketches which I have never seen in print, and telling as truthful as a mirror, his and our many pranks pleasant and otherwise, as boys of the wild west.

It was the wild west then, away back in the fifties. True we were boys, not young men. In this enlightened age, where our language is so plentifully sprinkled with slang, we would be called kids.

And we were kids, imbued with all the ginger and steam of the son of a goat; could not stand still a minute, something doing all the time; our every day being hallow e'en. and our nights spent laying out the program for the coming morn.

Not bad kids, mind you, no better—no

worse than others—just boys bubbling over with health, good bounding red blood, and on the best of terms with all the world.

If in these sketches there may be some things which do not coincide with your ideas of what the boy of to-day should be, pass it over, for those pranks are but atoms of what seems to me ancient history.

They tell of days when the West was young; of the days before the noble red man was the fat, easy going old grunter he is to-day; of the days when the friendly tribes would come to town and shoot with their arrows a 5-cent piece put up for a target; when your pet dog or cat looked to the friendly Indian only as a good square meal, and they were made the victims of the bow and arrow; of the days when the friendly buck or squaw would enter your home without knocking and ask for "chuckaway," which being interpreted means grub; and when these same bucks or squaws could be made to take a swift hike when they saw your mother reach on the stove for the tea kettle. They bore no malice. They did not stop to reason or explain, nor did they look around—they vanished.

Those were the days when a cup of dark brown sugar would buy an Indian pony from the tribe, and as a consequence all us boys had our own horses, and as a further consequence most of our games were played on horseback. It was no uncommon thing away back "then" to see a whole herd of school boys' ponies grazing on the play ground, or standing patiently waiting the appearance of their young masters and mistresses, for girls had their ponies, too.

Billy was a splendid rider and had always a splendid mount. His ponies were all trained to come at his call, and there were few very few other persons who could approach them.

BOY SCOUTS.

Just a Word With Our Boys.—What is Necessary To Make a Good Clean Boy Scout.—A Clean Pure Character.—Bravery, Truth, Chivalry.—A Word To Parents of "Our Boys."—How To Train Them.—Appeal To Their Honor, Counsel With Them, Believe in Them, Rely Upon Them.

There are thousands of Boy Scouts all over the country. Has it ever occurred to you that the best known scout in the world is Buffalo Bill? It is the spirit of the scout nature which makes this organization so fascinating. Take the great Scout Cody for your example. First be sure you are right, then go ahead.

In the first place be brave, cultivate that bravery which is born in every boy.

Dare to do right, to be right. Then have the courage of your convictions, and fight for them.

Let us take the early life of the great

Scout. His tastes were not low. His bravery as a boy was never questioned. He was open and above board in all his actions.

He was not two-faced.

He would not lie.

He made a confidante of his father, who was an early pioner of Iowa. The two were "pards." His noble mother had confidence in her boy because she knew he was true.

He was the champion of the weak. In short he was a manly boy. All these things it takes to make a true Boy Scout.

Are you eligible, my boy, to follow the great scout? Think it over. Be on good terms with your father be his "pard."

Honor your little mother. Be her pride and her champion.

Dare to do right.

Dare to be true.

And you will have in you all that is necessary for a Boy Scout.

To The Parents:

Father, invite the confidence of your boy. Encourage him to be brave and true. Take him in counsel with you. Meet him on the level. Appeal to his honor in all things. Cultivate his pride. A good heart

to heart talk is worth more than a wagon load of birch switches. He is a coming man. Meet him as such. It depends a whole lot upon what kind of a man he will make, whether it be one who will look the world in the face with steadfast eye, or an apologetic whimpering thing subservient to every one. Make him a leader. There will be plenty of those who follow and are driven like cattle.

Mothers, cultivate in your boy a pride; make him feel that he is your protector, your champion. Make him feel that he is the one you look to, that he has your welfare in his keeping. If he needs correction, put it in such form that it appeals to his honor; make him feel that he is responsible, and by all means take a pride in praising him when it is deserved.

Thus you will give him confidence and pride, and you will have developed a true blue Boy Scout with all the attributes of the King of Scouts.

THE BOY AVENGER.

Stabbing of Billy's Father.—I'll Kill That Man."
—A Border Riot and a Border Ruffian Laid
Low.—His Father Avenged.—Billy's Knows
and I Know.—What's That Knife Worth?—Ask
Buffalo Bill.

It was way back in the border ruffian times in Kansas. Just about the time Kansas territory was knocking at the doors to be admitted to statehood, and the feeling ran very high and bitter between those who wished her to be a free state and those who wanted a slave state. Buffalo Bill's father Isaac Cody was a good talker, and a man who had the courage of his convictions. Mass meetings were held among the settlers which were largely attended by Missourians all of whom clamored for slavery. At one of those meetings Isaac Cody was called upon to speak. His speech was a ringing free state talk and it seem-

ed that he drove every argument home. He lived before his time. He looked far, far into the future and in that ringing speech prophesied what in after years Abraham Lincoln brought to pass. This was too much for the Missourians, and one of them a big burly ruffian mounted the box upon which Mr. Cody stood and stabbed him twice with a huge bowie knife. Little Billy with his friend and companion were both in tears, but Billy straightened up, and seemed to grow to a man, as he said, "I'll never lose track of that man until I kill him." It was not his good fortune to get him at once, but some time afterward, the man turned out to be the leader of one of the most desperate gangs of thieves and ruffians that ever infested the Kansas border. They were known as Border Ruffians, and not a few pitched battles were the result of their forays on the Kansas border. It was after one of these "riots" that the killed and wounded were gathered up, and, as we looked over the men laid out in a row, the ruffian lay there with his face upward, the sun shining in it, showing, between the eyes, a bullet hole.

"Didn't I tell you I would," said Billy,

and boys as we were we simply shook hands and from his side I pulled Billy's bowie knife where it had been driven to the hilt. His father was avenged.

Thus a boy had rid the border of one of its most dangerous characters, and the people breathed easier.

This, I believe, is the first time this ever appeared in print, and to this day I believe there are but two people who know who killed "Weston Red."

Billy knows and I know.

If you wish to know what that knife is worth, try to buy it from Buffalo Bill.

THE ORIGINAL BOY SCOUT.

His First Scouting Trip.—He Spies on an Indian Camp in War Paint and brings the News To the Fort.—A Company of U. S. Troops Sent out with Billy as Guide.—His Bravery Recognized by the Government.—A Handsome Present.—A Young Hero.

The grand army of Boy Scouts is gradually surrounding the civilized world and while not directly connected with this army, Buffalo Bill may safely be said to have been the first, or original Boy Scout.

At the tender age of 15 or 16 years he went on his first scout.

Rumors were afloat of a band of Indians on the war path, and "Billy Cody," mounted his pony to find out the truth of the matter. He rode half the night, and was rewarded in his search by finding a large body of Cherokees, and as he noted their movements he saw that they were in a

state of unrest, and that preparations were being made for something unusual.

After satisfying himself that all was not right, he turned his faithful "Billy" pony toward home, and as day was breaking, rode into Fort Leavenworth and reported the facts.

About that time the small trains or parties of movers, or settlers, were preparing to make the trip to the far west, and already several had started. On the morning he rode in, a government supply train was getting ready to move, and Billy's news, caused the commander to send out a troop of cavalry instead. With them Billy rode as guide, and scout—his first trip as a scout.

Just at the point designated by him about two hundred Cherokees were found, in full war paint, and stripped for battle, massacre and robbery. At first sight of the troop, they mounted their horses, and, firing a few parting shots dashed away, followed by the cavalry with Billy well to the front. On this raid, eight able-bodied bucks were sent to the happy hunting grounds.

Billy was brought before the Com-

mander and thanked most heartily, and, as a further testimonial of the government's recognition of his service, was presented with a fine rangey horse, saddle and bridle, a pair of "navy" revolvers and a cavalry carbine.

I tell you Billy was proud of this, and when it became known Billy was quite a hero, and I being his chum was just as proud as he.

The supply train moved with an escort of Uncle Sam's cavalry, and many of the westward ho, settlers dropped in behind and traveled with this strong escort of soldiers.

After this all trains were sent out with a military guard, and a scout or guide. Thus, I claim that "Billy" Cody was the original Boy Scout.

Though years have passed since scouts were useful on our border, the thrilling life, the tales of dangers and bravery, have held a fascination for the youth of all countries, and no more enticing name could be found around which to gather our boys than that of "Scout."

The original "Boy Scout" is no longer a boy, that is to say, in years, but his big

boyish heart is still warm for the boys. He loves the good clean American boy, such as are enrolled in the Boy Scout movement, and nothing pleases him so well as to sit alone with a bunch of "Our Boys" and hold a "pow-wow," as he terms it.

I have heard the old long-haired scout talk with boys, and if his advice as given to them were accepted by every boy, America would boast a race of "Boy Scouts" noted for their clean character, their bravery, their chivalry. They would be boys and young men who would look you fearlessly in the eye and tell the truth. They would be brave, in that they would know they were right and would fight for it. They would honor and revere their country's flag and as I have often seen this big "Boy Scout" do, would take off their hat to their country's emblem, and should the time come when it needed defenders, they would be in the first rank and on the firing line, ready, if need be, to lay down their lives for its honor.

That is the stuff good American scouts are made of. "They are our boys," said Col. Cody "who will be our men, our rulers, our generals, our protectors."

In talking to a bunch of boys one day, the Colonel said:

“Boys, keep your hands clean. Don’t do any dirty tricks of which you will be ashamed. Don’t be afraid to tell the truth. Be brave enough to speak it, even if it goes against you. True bravery never hides behind a lie. That is the coward’s breast works. Keep your muscles hard, get out in the air, walk, ride, take exercise. Keep up with your studies, give your brain the same exercise you do your legs and arms. A cultivated and well balanced brain is one of the things every great general must have, whether it be on the battle field or in the great fight with the world as captains of industry.”

Salute your fathers as your superior officers, make them respect you. Show them that you are coming men. Take them in your counsel, meet them on the level, and you will find them the nicest lot of fellows you ever met. A true soldier and scout holds the name of woman in reverence. Then be a soldier true and a scout. Show your mother and your sister that you are their protector, and that they may rely upon you. Don’t get out of patience. Take

steps for them, help them whenever you can relieve them of burden. It is not the mark of a softy or a goody-goody boy. It is the insignia of bravery of chivalry and the proud mark of a true boy scout of the later day. The same spirit which led the scout of the plains to fight the Indians, and protect the weak, stands in these days of civilization between the weak—our mothers, our sisters and their burdens.”

“I tell you, boys, if I was a boy to-day, I would join the Boy Scouts, and make it my pride to keep the name pure, and its banner unstained.”

Even while still a boy, “Billy” Cody formed a company of “scouts” to look out for the advance guard of border ruffians and report whenever any of them crossed the river from Missouri, and more than one preconcerted raid was broke up by “Billy Cody’s Boys.” Those were the days when the Missourians, or pro-slavery people were looked upon as dangerous, and were dangerous, for the gang embraced the roughs, outlaws and the scum of humanity, men who were lawless, and held life cheaply. They sought the lives not only of Isaac Cody, but of several other tried and true

pronounced men in favor of a Free State for Kansas. If a handfull of these resolute men could be put out of the way it would be clear sailing for those in favor of slavery.

This organization was formed and led by "Billy Cody," and he never slept. It did seem that he was constantly on the job. Our good and close chum, Harry Hathway, was another we could count on. Ed. House, Henry Brown, Jimmie Mann, Pat Malone, Ed Hastings and little Jimmie Tool, were others, while some of Kansas girls were alert, and not infrequently gave pointers. Among those girls, true as steel, we recall, May Cody, Helen Cody, Laura Hughes, Flora Rush, Abbie Perkins, Clara Weibling, Mamie Sanders, and Carrie Helling. They were true blue, and as I look at it now they should have sailed under the name of "Girl Scouts." They were all girls of true western metal, girls to whom the dangers of the border were well known and for whom they had no terrors. God bless our girl scouts wherever they may be.



Buffalo Bill and a Bunch of Boy Scouts, Providence, R. I., from a Photo by Foster Lardner.

LONG BOW.

Our Indian Chum.—How Indians "Appear."—An Indian Boy.—A Rough and Tumble Fight.—A Bully Horsewhipped.—An Indian's Gratitude.—We Learn Woodcraft and the Sign Language.—An Indian Standpatter.—His Red-skin Friend Remembers.—Friendship, Beneath War-Paint.

Did you ever hear of that trait, or whatever you call it, which is peculiar to the Indians as to no other race, that of "appearing?"

Let me explain. You are out in the timber all alone, you think, and you turn your head and an Indian is beside you standing quietly looking at you.

I cannot explain it, and though I have heard the same question asked, I have never heard it explained. I have asked it often of my Indian friends and I had many, but they did not seem to know what I meant, or why it was so extraordinary. So I don't

believe they know themselves. I guess its born in them—a part of their make-up, just the same as a negro is born with an aroma all his own. He doesn't notice it. He doesn't explain it.

But that “appearing” was only a passing thought brought about by a wave of memory regarding our friend Long-Bow.

Long-Bow was an Indian boy about our own age, and often joined with us. By “us” I do not mean our school boy crowd, but just Billy and I. It seemed that we were happier when astride our ponies. We took long rides, and builded air castles, whose foundations rested on the boundless prairies of the far west we had heard so much about. We wanted to grow up so that we could join the ever westward moving throngs to the land of gold.

On these rides, many times Long Bow was our companion. He taught us woodcraft. He taught us to follow a trail or how to blind our own trail. He taught us his language and also the almost universal sign language of the red man.

Long Bow was what we would call in this generation a “stand patter.” He was true as steel, and a friend we could trust

more implicitly than many of those in whose veins runs the blood of the white man.

They say an Indian never forgets an injury. True indeed, but let me add, he never forgets a kindness or proves ungrateful to a friend.

This was taught me by Long Bow who proved the line I have added.

One day in a beautiful Kansas autumn, Billy and I were alone in the big timber just west of Leavenworth. It was wild and deep, that timber. It had not given up to the march of civilization, nor cast aside its truly untamed mantle. Squirrels chased each other over the trees, the gray timber wolf had its home in that forest, and the wild cat and catamount were at home in the giant trees or skulking along in the under brush. It was wild western nature.

Our ponies were grazing near us, and we were lying on our backs building air castles, talking of what we would do when we were a little older, when

Long Bow "appeared."

We both saw him at once, as he stood there like a statue.

"How," said he.

"How," said we.

Then he came and sat with us. He had a story to tell of some of the boys in town. They had misused him, and made him feel that he was but an Indian. They in a crowd had fallen upon him and given him a licking. In short they had horsewhipped him.

Long Bow, half-civilized Indian boy, though he was, felt the indignity and came to us his friends to tell us. How he knew where to find us I do not know. He simply "appeared," and that was all.

In his short crisp language, helped out and emphasized by signs, he told us of his battle with the town boys, and how, like cowards, they over powered him and thrashed him with their quirts.* He told us who they were, and asked us to help him.

"I shall kill Sardell," he said, "and that big Tom Watson."

Billy told him we would help him, and we all shook hands, just like grown-ups, both white and Indian.

Tom Watson was one of a gang which the school boys did not like. They did not

*—Quirt, an Indian riding whip of braided leather or raw hide.

go to school, and simply loafed around the levee picking quarrels with the school boys and lamming the tar out of them if they caught one or two alone.

It was some weeks after this when Billy and this Tom Watson had a mixup. I don't remember who started it, but Billy gave him all he could stand. There were enough of Billy's crowd to see fair play and to keep off Tom's gang if they should interfere. It was a struggle. They were well matched though while Watson had the advantage of weight Billy could get all around him and make it hot for him. Not fists alone were used but the ever present quirt was in the hands of each.

Long Bow was there. He stood ready to spring in, but we held him back, well knowing that fair play was all that was necessary. During a pause in the hostilities Billy told him what a coward he was with his gang to jump Long Bow, and after a short wordy combat, as boys will indulge in they went at it again, the quirts cracked, fists found noses and the battle was on again.

Billy licked him, good and plenty, and then, after he let him up, after having

knocked him down, he told him to apologize to Long Bow.

This he refused to do, and Billy went after him with the lash end of his quirt and gave him a real horsewhipping, and finally made him take off his hat to the Indian boy.

That day's work meant bad blood between the school gang and the "rowdies," as we called them, and we took pains when we went down to the levee, to always go in crowds of three or four or a dozen.

Long Bow was our friend after that. He simply worshipped Billy and more than ever we had him for our companion.

* * * * * *

Several years after that, when Billy had taken to the plains, he was scouting ahead of a train of prairie schooners, looking for traces of hostile Indians. Then the plains were full of them.

It was growing dusk, and Billy, riding alone far ahead of the train, came down to the bed of a creek to water his horse and himself. It was a lonely spot, he told me, thick willow under growth on one side and dense grove of schumac on the other. His horse had got its fill of water and Billy

who had laid down on his belly to get his drink, arose to find an Indian in war paint at his side.

"I tell you pard," says Billy, "I felt cold all over. I felt it was all up with me for the Indian had the drop on me and he had a splendid gun, besides his long knife in his belt."

"How, Billy," said the Indian.

"How, Long Bow," said Billy who recognized him at once, though the Indian boy had grown to a stalwart buck, fine of form, lithe and sinewy as a wrestler—a typical savage in all the glory of his hideous war paint.

He took the bridle of Billy's horse and led it into the stream and up the creek to a stony shore, where he stopped.

"Billy go back to wagons," said Long Bow. Heap Indians over rise all on war path," and he started out with Billy, guiding him, covering his trail and keeping with him through the tortuous windings of the western stream until he reached a point nearest the train.

By this time it was night, and as the stars were out—a perfect starry night without a moon, the Indian pointed to the

North star, then facing it directed Billy to his train, some eight or ten miles to the north-east. He told him to hold his train in camp for two sleeps and then to take his regular trail, and his tribe would be far to the south.

The redskin friend in his war paint stood pat.

Billy walked for a distance leading his horse, and as he frequently looked behind he saw his friend standing watching him, until the darkness swallowed him up.

It afterwards transpired that if Billy and his train had fallen into the hands of that band of Indians, there would not one have lived to tell the tale.

Billy rode into camp late at night and gave orders that not a move should be made for two days though he did not tell why. But it saved the train.

"HOUNDING THE ELDER."

A Doggon Mean Trick.—Our Little Church.—
Our Preacher.—The "Elder."—The Bad Boys.
—The Howling Pack of Hounds.—A Turmoil
in the Sanctuary.—Anxious Moments.—The
Cross Our Hearts.—The "Clan."

In Leavenworth, Kansas, many years ago, the Presbyterian church stood between Seneca and Osage streets. It was a little frame building with two front doors. Leading from each door down to the pulpit was an aisle with seats holding about eight people on the north and south sides, and long seats holding about double the number in the center. It was so arranged that we could go in one door down the aisle and passing the pulpit, out the other door. So much for the lay of the land.

Our preacher was Mr. A. W. Pitzer, now of Washington, D. C., a southern man who at the beginning of the civil war resigned and cast his fortunes with his home land

He was a young man, beloved by all and especially by the boys with whom he was a great favorite. Now you have the church the pulpit, pew and preacher.

I suppose in every church there is some vinegar faced old elder who always finds fault with the boys, and is a constant menace to their exuberent spirits.

Our church had one. His name was Currie, "Old Currie" we called him, and he made us feel that he owned the church, that we must clean our feet, and tip-toe down the aisle or he would "call us" before the congregation, and more than once he would lead us out and make us clean our feet.

Now we have the church and the elder. The lay of the land and so forth. Now for the bad boys:

There were in our crowd about six or seven boys, and this bunch resolved itself down to three or four when any particularly "devilish" scheme was on foot. That was a quartette of quiet ones, who never told.

About a half block from the church lived a man who owned a pack of sixteen hounds.

We four, Billy Cody, Will Winget, Ed. House and the writer were sitting as boys will on the sunnyside of the Terry stage barn, talking, and airing our grievances as boys will, and the talk turned to "Old Currie." This conference led to putting up a job on "Old Currie."

Billy outlined a plan whereby we could get even with the old fellow.

This was Saturday afternoon, and we knew that "Old Currie" was going to give a talk at the church the following Sunday morning, so it was proposed among us, that we do something.

Now right here, I want to go on record as not saying that Billy Cody planned this freak, because we all joined hands and crossed our hearts to never tell. But here's what we did:

We got a scent bag early in the morning, and from the dog kennel we trailed it straight to the church. Ed got in a window and opened the doors. Through the north door, we dragged the scent bag, down the aisle, up the pulpit steps on one side and down the other through the south aisle and out the south door, through the back yard of Dr. Morris residence and out the

front gate and back to the home kennel.

All was well, but we threw out our line of scouts to be sure that Currie was there and not the preacher.

Things came our way. The elder in his pompous way marched up the aisle, put his Sunday "plug" hat on the table and ascended the pulpit to "address the congregation." He gave out the hymn, just like a preacher, prayed like a lost calf and finally settled down to preach.

Word was quickly passed and the hounds were released and took up the scent. Such music as those hounds did make. They all had the deep, hollow baritone voice peculiar to their breed and struck up the chorus as the solid pack followed the scent, down Potawatomie street, turning on Sixth street down through the church yard, yelping, howling, baying, rushing, into the church door, down the aisle up over the pulpit, knocking down the plug hat and the contribution bags on their long sticks, tripping "Old Currie," as they rushed between his legs, overturning and breaking the glass water pitcher, spilling the water, out the south aisle and door, through Dr. Morris' yard and, as the surveyor would put it,

"back to the place of beginning." However it is only by hearsay that I know what took place in the church, but there was something doing. Women screamed and stood up on the seats, men were terrorized. Currie was scared "stiff," and well doused with water, while the crowd, trying to get out of the way of the dogs, tramped his plug hat into a shapeless mass. My father told me if one of his boys was connected with that scrape he would tan the hide off him. And he would, for I happen to know from experience.

The papers were full of it. I say papers but there was but one paper at that time. It was the Leavenworth Herald, run by a man named Saterlee, who was afterwards shot and killed by the late Col. D. R. Anthony. Rewards were offered for the perpetrators, but they were never discovered.

We boys were scared stiff. We met at our rendezvous—behind the barn, and crossed our hearts never to reveal our secret. It was a terrible time then the boys and ruffians from Missouri were making raids across the border, and it was finally laid at their door.

We did not as kids realize what we

were doing or the enormity of the offense, but when it became the talk of the town, we walked the earth with fear and trembling, even fearing lest we talk in our sleep and give ourselves away.

That was a great crowd of boys. I kept track of them long enough to know that one became a gambler and was shot on a steamboat. Another, a preacher, and at last accounts was a bishop. Still another drifted out onto the plains as a wagon master. Another, my brother, is at Cupple's station, St. Louis. The next is the best known man in the world, and from Billy Cody has become the world known Buffalo Bill, while the last is the writer, located in Clinton, Iowa, running a newspaper. And now, the spirit moves me to write a long letter of confession to our beloved pastor, Mr. Pitzer, and tell him how it happened.

GRAVE ROBBERS.

A Ghost Indeed.—We All Saw It.—We Heard It Groan.—It was all White and Ten Feet Tall.—The Open Grave.—That Creepy Feeling.—Billy's Joke.

Truth to tell, the incident I am about to relate scared me so that I did not remember whether "Billy Cody" was with us that night or not, but he was usually in on any excitement, and our crowd was never complete or at its best without him. Well, I'll not "peach" on him anyhow.

A pauper had died and was buried. His case had been a puzzle to the doctors.

An old doctor who wished to know more of the case, wanted the body. He came to one of our crowd—"Hen" Brown and offered him twenty dollars if he would get the body.

At the gathering of the "clan," that moonlight evening, "Hen" told us all

about it, and where we would find the grave.

Here was a lark.

The boys were all up and ready for a "creepy" adventure, so, armed with spades a pick and other garden tools, we started for Pilot Knob, the burying ground.

This was not the cemetery of to-day by any means. It was the table land at the top of a knob or huge hill—really a cross between a hill and a mountain. On one side to the north, the ascent was gradual and winding and here the funerals approached the summit. On the east the descent while not absolutely perpendicular was a very steep incline. The sides and top of the knob were covered with scrub oak bushes, with here and there a tree—the kind with the glossy, whispering leaves.

Ed. House and the old doctor—Dr. Abeele with a one horse spring wagon drove around the road, and the rest of us cut across, and up the steep side of the knob. We soon gained the top and found the newly made grave. We started to dig.

But where was Cody?

* * * * *

The moon came out from behind an oc-

casional cloud, only to be veiled by another. The wind whistled a wild wierd tune through the tree tops and bushes, causing them to assist our imagination in forming lispig ghosts and waving phantoms as their leaves showed bright in the moon-light like eyes from a skulking ghost or spirit.

Pretty soon we began to get nervous. We were only boys, just about the age when ghost stories give you a creepy feeling, and the cold little devils chase themselves up and down your spine.

"What's that?" said one.

"What is it?" said another.

"I saw something white over behind that bush," said George Pierce.

And we all felt chilly.

Suddenly we heard a low moaning from the bushes just beyond the grave. It was low and plaintive at first, but soon it took on the unmistakeable moan.

All work stopped. The two boys scurried up out of the grave, and stood with us. The moan again, and as we looked in its direction a ghostly figure all in white rose slowly up, up, till it stood as we thought ten feet high. It was a ghost. No.

you needn't tell me there are no ghosts—I saw one, I heard it groan. A panic seized us, and with one accord we started down the steep side of Pilot Knob, leaving all our tools behind, and truth to tell, they may be there yet, for though I have often been up at the old burying ground, I have never had the courage to go near the old pauper's grave.

As I look back even now when fifty years have passed without a ghost, I feel a shudder and a cold clammy sensation, as I recall that ten foot ghost in the graveyard on Pilot Knob.

* * * * *

Long, long afterward when we were alone, Billy told me all about it. He had gone home, got a sheet and a white skirt and tied them up in a bundle, and while we were tugging up the hill he drew apart from the crowd, and finally, dressed in his ghostly uniform, "appeared," and frightened us off. He told me of the time he had to keep from laughing out loud and spoiling the whole thing. He had many a quiet laugh over it, all to himself, but never for a long time did he break the real truth to the boys.

The Leavenworth Herald had a big article about an attempted grave robbery, the finding of tools, etc., but we never peeped. We were all in it and we all kept quiet.

And though I know that Billy Cody was the ghost, I am free to confess I never recall that night, that wild, wierd night, without a creepy shudder.

FIRST BLOOD.

The First Blood For Freedom.—Shed by Isaac Cody, Father of Buffalo Bill.—A Cowardly Ruffian Stabs Him in the Back as He is Making a Speech Against Slavery.—A Man With the Courage of His Convictions, and Who Transmitted His Courage and Love of Justice To His Son.

I fully believe that the first blood in the cause of Abolition of slavery which led up to the great Civil War, even before the martyr John Brown was executed, was shed by Isaac Cody, father of Buffalo Bill.

It was during those hot times when the fate of Kansas territory was trembling in the balance, whether she as a new state should be a slave state or a free state.

Mr. Cody was a good speaker and was urged at a mass meeting to give his views on the subject. He was not a man to seek notoriety, nor yet to push himself forward,

but at the earnest solicitation of friends, and responding to loud cries of "Cody, Cody," he took the platform and in a ringing speech gave his views on the subject. He was not a man to mince matters, nor was he ever accused of being a weakling, or carrying water on both shoulders. People knew where to find him, and he had the courage of his convictions. He was fearless in all things and this attribute of bravery he transmitted to his son, who through that inherited courage became the bravest and most noted scout and pathfinder the world has ever known.

The speech of Isaac Cody did not sit well with the pro-slavery people, so he was threatened and hooted at by the border ruffians, a large majority of which made up the mass meeting. To threaten Isaac Cody was only to raise the ire of a lion, and in unmistakeable terms he gave his views of slavery and his unbiased opinion of those who would pollute the virgin soil of Kansas with its curse.

While engaged in his speech a big rowdy and a bad man known as Western Red, stepped up behind him and with a large dirk knife stabbed him twice. As Mr. Cody

fell into the arms of his friends the big ruffian was taken care of by the mob from Missouri and got across the river.

Billy and I, two boys, thought of course he was killed, but he did not die at that time, but some time later he died from effects of those ugly wounds. This was the first blood for freedom.

I put this in my story to show the stuff of which Buffalo Bill is made.

"ABBIE."

Scouting Ahead of a Wagon Train.—An Emigrant's Wife Murdered.—Cody To the Rescue.—Two Hair Raisers Forever Put Out of Business.—A Lonely Grave.—"Abbie."—A Child of the Plains.—An Orphan.—A Ward of Buffalo Bill.—The Orphan's Happy Home.

We were in advance of a government wagon train, far out on the plains of western Kansas. The sun had long since gone down behind the hills and we could but dimly make out the timber line. By "timber line" I don't mean the upper edge of the timber as you go up the mountains, where snow and verdure meet, but those strips of timber which skirt the water courses of the west.

When we reached the timber, a camp fire sparkled through the trees and we could see the red smoke as with an occasional shower of sparks upward, it marked

the camping place of westward bound travelers.

A shot and a heart-piercing shriek broke out on the still air. Scream followed scream, as we plunged the spurs into our horses and dashed to the rescue of whom or what we did not know. Cody first, Sinclair next, Powell next, with the writer close behind, followed by Ed. Estes, James Currie, mule drivers and a "greaser" from the wagon train. So far in advance was Cody, that when we came up two Indians were laid out and the others, maybe four or five had disappeared, and Billy was releasing the man of the camping party from his wagon wheel where he had been bound by Indians—Dog Soldier Indians, the outlaws of the plains. The wife and mother lay dead, a baby's brains had been dashed out, and a girl about ten years old was released from the embrace of an Indian by a well directed shot from Cody's rifle. This was one of the two who would never raise another scalp. The man's name, we learned was Cooper. The little wife and mother was laid tenderly under a tree, and later when the wagon train came up, she was buried at the foot of that giant of the

forest, and in the bark of that cypresswood tree the word "Abbie" was carved by the husband, and the little woman was left alone in God's wild country, the sighing winds and rustling leaves, chanting nature's requiem.

Mr. Cooper and his daughter accompanied us to Denver, and there for a long time we lost sight of them.

A few years later, Cody, the scout, was handed a letter written by Hillyard Cooper, asking him to take charge of "Little Abbie," now about 14 years old. Her father had died, and the child was found in keeping of a miner and his wife. Cody at once took charge of the little one, sent her back to Leavenworth where in the home of a good Christian family she was educated and grew to womanhood—the child of the plains—the ward of the scout.

She is now the wife of a prominent St. Louis man of the old school, and her grand children revere the name of Buffalo Bill. The doors of this palatial home at — place on one of the most fashionable drives in St. Louis swing open to Buffalo Bill, and a warm welcome always awaits him when he visits St. Louis.

BLACK DEATH.

Buffalo Bill's Big Bluff.—How He Worked on Superstition and Saved the Train.—A Pow-wow and a Smoke.—The Writer Scared Stiff.—A Pipe of Tobacco, But no Smoke.—The Black Death a Trump Card.

It looked bad one time on the plains for any small bodies of emigrants or "westward ho" travelers, for the Indians were either on the war path, or were possessed of that nervous warlike feeling which needed but a spark or a temptation in the shape of opportunity to make of them fiends incarnate. That was the year well remembered by many of us whose locks are grey, when the cholera was committing ravages among the red men.

Black death, they called it, and all the superstitious horror of this unseen enemy, which strikes in the dark seemed to overshadow them.

On the occasion which leads to this article, I chanced to be with Scout Cody ahead of a wagon train bound for a government post far out on the frontier, with supplies—rations for the soldiers. It was the custom of Cody, as scout, to ride far in advance of the train in order to the better give them time to prepare for attacks by the Indians, if he discovered them, or to select a place to camp if possible beside a water course or water hole. There were three of us in this advance party—not because the scout needed us, but because of our request to ride the day with him.

We were well mounted and well armed besides being good shots, at least the other two were, and of Cody's accuracy with the rifle the world to-day well knows.

We had just turned the "rise of a hill, or divide" when Cody's long distance sight made out a large party of Indians "coming our way." He turned to us and said: "Walt, ride like hell back to the train and tell them to corral for a fight."

Walt turned his horse and soon but a cloud of dust told us that he was letting his noble mare hit the prairie as fast as she wanted to, and she was some racer.

I asked Bill: "Why not turn back ourselves, and make for the wagon train?"

"They've seen us, and it would only hasten matters if we turned tail. Better face it out here with a pow-wow. It's the only thing to do. It will save the train—"

"But, Bill!"

"Well?"

And the way he said "well" meant a whole lot. It was the ultimatum. It sounded to me that somebody had to die to save the train, and we were elected.

Now, if I were to brace up at this late date, and say that I looked well after my trusty rifle and prepared for the worst, it would be so big a lie that our friend St. Ananias would reach to embrace me. I did no such thing. I simply sat my horse and shivered. I was scared stiff.

Cody, however, shading his eye watched the oncoming hord of red devils, and bidding me sit my horse, he dismounted and taking his red blanket from his saddle went out alone and on foot to meet them. With the blanket over his arm he made a sign to them and spread the blanket upon the prairie and stood upon it, his long hair waving in the wind, his hand uplifted thus

appearing a statue turned to stone in the act of command.

They approached him, and two or three bucks and the chief dismounted and came to his blanket. The oncoming crowd stopped and partly surrounded him, while three others pressed on to where I sat holding the horses and trying to say the Lord's prayer to rag time.

The pow-wow lasted but a short time, and the Indians who came to secure me, made no move, save to plant themselves on either side, and one of them condescended to say "How."

"How," said I, but that was all. For the life of me, I couldn't think of a funny story to tell them, so I contented myself with asking one of them for tobac, which he reluctantly gave me. I lighted my pipe took a puff and offered it to him, but he refused, so there was no peace pipe smoke in our little pow wow.

Soon, however, I saw the pipe passed around those who sat on the blanket with Cody, and I knew there was some progress made by him. They had consented to "talk" with him, and shortly after he stood up, waving his arms to the sky turn-

ing each way giving the same heavenward signals. It was less than ten minutes after his physical culture act that the entire band mounted and turning from the east, took up their journey to the southwest chanting the death song of the tribe or some other horrible melody.

My two friends without even a Mexican "Adios" or Indian "how," departed after the moving band, leaving me with a full pipe of tobacco ahead but with a scare which I am sure made my red hair stick out like last fall's swamp grass.

When Cody returned I asked him how he did it.

"I threatened to call Black death from the skies of the east, the west and the north if they did not take the trail I pointed out, and as they had suffered the loss of several by cholera the night before, I guess they thought there was something in my incantations for I used the name of the thunder god, and every god they feared, calling on the Great Spirit of the Medicine Man to loose the black death if they did not move, or to grant them freedom from it if they went peaceably away. I simply had to act like a locoed idiot,

and lie like sin. It was the only thing to do, and you see my cards won.”

Many deaths occurred that summer among the Indians, and the ravages of cholera, its quick action served to quell what promised to be a general uprising.

Bill with his big bluff accomplished that day what a regiment of soldiers could not have done.

ON THE BIG PLAINS.

Billy Makes His Start in Life as a Night Herd.
—His First Trip on the Plains.—Parting of
Boy Pards.—A Good-bye Letter to His Sweet-
heart.—A Fare Well in Truth.—The Little
Grave on Pilot Knob.

“Pard, I’m going on the plains.” This Billy said to me one night after he had had trouble at school, and had put the school bully, Steve Gobel, to the bad. It was as usual taking the part of a small boy that Billy got into this trouble, and incidentally in avenging a covert insult to one of our girl school mates. In the rough and tumble with the big bully, who was the terror of the school, Billy’s dirk knife got tangled up with Gobel, and Billy was going to “duck” for a while. He hired out to Uncle Billy Russell as a night herd, and was to make his first trip across the plains with a wagon train. That night I shall never forget. Billy and I at the foot

of the big oak tree on the government reservation just above the line of the city limits. We talked it all over. There were three of us, Billy and I, and our Indian boy friend, Long Bow. Oh how I envied Billy. He was at last to make the start for the Big Plains. How many times we had talked it over and how many castles we had builded looking forward to the time when we two pards should strike the trail and go out fighting Indians and killing buffalo. And now he must go alone.

I have seen girl friends at parting. I have seen them give vent to their feelings in tears, as they were close in each other's embrace, but the close hand clasp as we stood there beneath the moon each with a lump in his throat spoke more and meant more than floods of tears. It was the first parting of boy friends. For we were friends then, and though half a hundred years have rolled by we are the same friends as then. He gave me a good-bye letter to his girl sweetheart who shall be nameless here, as she sleeps and has slept for years in the little home burying ground on Pilot Knob. For days and weeks the little miss was inconsolable and ere many

months had rolled away she was taken with lung fever and died. Billy never saw her again, but truth to tell, many a time since both he and I have stood by her grave.

Billy went out as night herd, and it was his first trip on the plains. It was on this trip that he killed his first Indian. Then he was about 16 or 17 years old

QUANTRELL, THE OUTLAW.

And Yet He Was Our School Teacher.—A Man Beloved by All His Pupils.—A Broom Wire and a Tumble.—An April Fool Joke.—Billy Escapes a Licking Because He Was Brave Enough To Tell the Truth, and Shield a School Girl.—All the World Admires Bravery.

Quantrell is remembered only as the daring desperado of Missouri. Lawrence, Kansas, today shudders at the memory of his atrocities when he sacked and burned that city and massacred men, women and children.

Yet Quantrell was not always a desperado. At one time he was a school teacher in Leavenworth, Kansas. He was well liked withal, but was in school hours a severe disciplinarian, sparing not the rod. At recess, however, he was on the play ground with the boys and girls and took interest

in the health-giving sports of that early day.

It was April first, all fools' day, and the usual tricks of the day were in evidence. A party of the boys stretched a fine broom wire across the aisle at the approach to the teacher's desk.

The teacher approached the wire and it threw him headlong onto the rostrum.

For a moment there was a hush, and then Mr. Quantrell faced the school, and I shall never forget that livid face, that glaring eye that quivering lip. For a full moment there was silence, then—

"John Jestice, lock that door and bring me the key."

"Now, I'm going to commence with the back seat and thrash every pupil unless I am told at once who did that."

"Who tied that wire in the aisle?"

Not a sound.

"Mary Hughes, step this way."

This was too much for Cody, and up went his hand and he snapped his fingers.

"What is it, Billy?"

"She didn't do it."

"Who did?"

"She didn't."

"That's no answer. I shall proceed and thrash every boy and girl in this school till I get the right one. Come up here, Mary."

Billy got up from his seat and walked to the rostrum.

"Mr. Quantrell, I did that."

"Did any one else help?"

"Yes sir."

"Who was it?"

"I'd rather not tell—I'll take the licking for doing it. I didn't think it would hurt you. It was only done for a joke, and not in school hours."

"Take off your coat."

I can see Billy, now, after long years, how slowly and reluctantly he removed his jacket. I could see signs of a pretty big row, as the "big boys" straightened up in their seats.

"Billy, look me in the eye."

Billy looked into the eye of that infuriated teacher. It was a fearless gaze, and whether Quantrell was overcome by fear or admiration, we shall never know.

"Billy, if you had lied to me, I should have thrashed you till you couldn't move. You may go to your seat."

The tense feeling gradually wore off,

and the school moved on till recess, when our teacher was with us on the play ground, and he bore no hard feelings towards Billy or any of the boys.

And yet this man Quantrell, our good natured beloved school teacher, became one of the most fiendish blood thirsty villians and murderers that ever cut a throat. It don't seem possible, does it Billy.

HON. W. E. CODY.

Buffalo Bill in the Legislature.—Elected in His Absence From the State.—A Surprise, a Joke.—A Buffalo Bill "Rear."—A "Fixer" Bribery Don't Work.—The Kansas Legislature Entertains.—Buffalo Bill the Center of Attraction.—He Shies at Women.—"It's Too Warm, Here; Let's Slope."

If I were to lay down my pen without speaking of Cody as a law maker, this would be incomplete. While away on a hunt in 1870, I think it was, his friends elected him a member of the Nebraska legislature. When he came home, and was informed of the honor thus thrust upon him, he simply "bucked," and told his friends he wouldn't serve. "A joke's a joke," said he, "but this is rather beyond it." When told that it was all straight, and that his district needed him, he finally buckled down to the facts in the case, and

proceeded to look up the duties of his new office, and prepare himself to make good.

And he did make good. There are laws upon the statutes of Nebraska to-day establishing the rights of settlers which were formulated and placed there by Buffalo Bill. He at once put on the harness and proceeded to do business.

A born leader and organizer, it was not long before he had the hang of the ropes and had his organization complete ready to co-operate with him in anything for the good of the young state. In those days the corruption of a legislator was not an easy matter, and knowing Cody as the people did, they feared to approach him.

And here let me describe him. He wouldn't cut his hair, which lay in massive locks upon his shoulders. He wouldn't wear a plug hat, or a dress suit. He wore his trousers in his boots and his gun was always where he could pull on the drop of a hat. But those were the days when every man went armed. In this he was not uncommon.

He was "approached" once, however by a smooth representative of an eastern firm of land grabbers, who, poor silly fool, think-

ing that "every man had his price," sought to enlist Cody in a move to swindle settlers out of their lands. I chanced to be visiting Bill at the time.

Did you ever hear Buffalo Bill roar?

No?

Well, then, in his show days did you ever hear his stentorian voice as he introduced "The Congress of Rough Riders of the World?"

Well, Bill used that same voice. And he roared. And he cussed. Yes, he gave that poor cringing devil, the most beautiful line of rhythmical profanity it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Imprecations, maledictions and double jointed, embossed and embossed cuss words rolled from his lips like bourbon from a moonshiner's jug. He fairly flattened the poor devil against the wall, and, opening the door, told him if he was in town the following day he would fill him so full of holes that a cullender would be air tight compared to him. This he told him as he was busy putting his boot where it would emphasize his language and give vent to his feelings. It was this which really brought him to the front as a maker of that law

which protected the rights of the settlers and secured to them their land, which to-day comprises some of the finest farms the sun shines on.

That year the Kansas legislature entertained the Nebraska legislature at Topeka. It was a grand gathering of those western solons. The big guns, the grand speakers and prominent politicians were all there and made speeches, but the greatest crowd surrounded Buffalo Bill. He was the observed of all observers. His fame as a scout and Indian fighter was there before him, and added to that his law for the benefit of the settlers was known and applauded.

But at the grand ball in the evening! When the ladies flocked around him. He was sadly out of his element. He showed the white feather and at an opportune moment he turned to me and said:

"Its too warm here for us. Let's slope for the licker room."

"You're right, my pard." says I.

BUFFALO BILL'S BILL.

Hon. W. F. Cody Introduces a Bill in the House To Protect the Rights of Settlers.—His Maiden Speech.—“There is No Present, Let Us Build For the Future.”—A Christmas Gift to the State.

Speaking of Buffalo Bill as a law maker puts me in mind of a retort he made in the heat of debate. It was when his bill to protect the rights of settlers came up, and as it was being discussed, one member objected to locking the land up for future generations.

“We are looking,” said the member, “for ourselves and not for generations yet unborn. We will let the future take care of itself. We are making laws for ourselves and for the present.”

I can still see the flash of Cody’s eye as he arose to defend his bill—that bill which

still holds good and through which the present generation has life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, guaranteed to Americans by the constitution so wisely builded by its makers at Independence Hall over two hundred years ago.

“Mr. President,” said Bill, as he arose, and was recognized by the chair, “We are building for the future, just the same as Washington and his congress built for the future. It was for the future that the constitution of the United States was planned, and here in this age we reap its benefits. It was a wisely constructed document, for, mark you, Mr. President and gentlemen, it in its original entirely, applies to us out here on the border of the boundless west just as perfectly as it did at the birth of the Republic and when the Mississippi river was thought of as the jumping off place of the world.

“That document, Mr. President was an inspired one. Had it been constructed to fit the then present it would be a worthless parchment to-day.”

There is no present.

To-day is yesterday to-morrow, and now is then, in a twinkling.

When we are young we are struggling, hoping, fighting, working for the future, buoyed up by the good angel Hope, for a place in the future.

All our energies are forward bent. We throw our lariat over the point of a star and secure it to our wagon. We burn the fires of our youth and middle age, we keep our muscles tense, buoyed up with bright prospects ahead. Not for now are we working, it is for the future—the evanescent future—just beyond—out of our grasp. We attain this or that object only to use it as a stepping stone, and thrusting ourselves further into the future, push it behind us.

Is it not the truth? All the men we know are in the conflict. Some not such energetic fighters, some idly lying on the surface drifting along, waiting for something to turn up—mayhap the toes of a rich relation—but all looking to the future.

The hand of time moves on picturing the good, the bad, the fortunate and the failure, the swift sailing steamer and the unmanned derelict—all drifting or pushing, for the future. But the future is never reached so that we may stand solid there

on and say: "This is truly the present."

There comes a time when we cease to care so much for the now or for the future. Many there be who, as we look at them we say: "He's rich, he's happy."

The same man we envy looks lovingly back to the good old times of the past. Pleasant memories present to him, the many pleasures he had, but which were not appreciated in his struggle for the evasive future.

Back in that humble cottage away back there sits father, mother, brother, sister around the evening lamp—a happy home.

Memory works. The roseate hue of the first throes of love pass before his vision. A sweet faced school girl—his early love is there—the pleasant walk to and from school with steps slow—oh, so slow, and with the parting of the ways all too close. The future is discussed between you two—you remember it. Castles of air and with all the hues of the rainbow are builded.

Another movement of memory. Your bride sits by your side. All is sweet, all is heaven, and as hand in hand you sit in the twilight, you build more castles, looking forward, ever forward to—the future.

A tiny hand, a golden curl, a sweet face, a sunshine in your home. Oh, the joy of motherhood—the pride of the young father, as he strokes the silken hair of his first born, the man of the future, your boy.

Do you recognize the picture on the plate of memory? It is the castle you build-ed for your boy, your little Carl. All is joy, hope, faith in your son. Every energy shall be bent every nerve strained to make that boy—your boy—a man among men, a leader respected, and honored of all men.

The picture of our memory still moves. We do not see the record of the present. The light fails, the picture dims. A little white cot, a lovely child flushed with fever. A—

Listen! a soft bell is tolling.

A little white hearse with its following winds slowly up over the hill to the silent city of marble.

That is all.

The future, as we turn to it presents our true friend Hope. Holding in her hand a scroll, she with her fairy wand points to the words.

“Suffer little children to come unto Me”—and, as we ponder the meaning, we

locate the home of our little loved one.

Hope turns a page.

"I go to prepare a place for you"—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast" they say, and by her help we read the guide board—the message our little Carl left as the good angel bore him onward.

"I am here; our home is waiting. Waiting for papa and mamma."

It was the Christ child whose natal day we celebrate made this possible. It was His advent on earth. His thirty years journey; his great sacrifice which called into being the good angel Hope, always beckoning us onward, always pointing forward to the future—the bright future just beyond—

No, there is no present.

Then let us build for the future. The past has gone. We have only the future.

Let us here and now build for the generations yet unborn. When our proud state shall be known as a commonwealth of contented homes.

This speech was made just before Christmas, and the bill was passed, securing the rights of settlers in Nebraska, and presented to that state as a Christmas gift.

IRON TAIL.

The Last of a Disappearing Race.—A Noted Chieftain, a Blood Thirsty Savage, Yet withal a True Friend.—“An Indian Never Forgives a Wrong, nor Forgets a Friend.—A Red Skin Standpatter.—An Indian Lover.—The Old Chief’s Tribute to His White Friend.—The Pipe of Peace.

The reader will naturally inquire, “Who is Iron Tail?” Many have met the kindly natured old chief with the Wild West show of later years. Iron Tail is not simply an Injun, picked up to form a setting in the historical play.

Iron Tail is a part of history—of the history of the wild and wooly west. He was one of the chiefs whose name brought a thrill of fear to the people of the border. He was a leader among the red men, and one in whose breast rankled the serpent of vengeance, for the loss of their lands. It

was he who led many a fatal raid and with the stolid glee of many an Indian quietly lifted the scalps of his victims. Had Iron Tail been born a white man, his name would be known from coast to coast. He is a born organizer and among his people was a recognized leader, and to this day his name is spoken with reverence at all campfires of whatsoever tribe or nation. Among his people he was a conqueror and a general.

In early days long before the last great uprising, Col. Cody, then still known as "Bill," did the young buck a favor. This was before the blanket and war bonnet of the far-famed chief his father had fallen to his keeping.

It was during a temporary peace, enforced undoubtedly by the presence of government soldiers plentifully scattered on the plains, and at the time when young "Pahaska" (the Indian name for Buffalo Bill) was feared by the red men as one who bore a charmed life, and was in touch with the Spirit.

Young Iron Tail wooed and won the daughter of a chief of another tribe, but the courtship met with no favor from her

father. The young man who always had an air of good camaradrie, and was on good terms with young Billy, called one night at his home near Leavenworth, and without knocking "appeared" in the room with his gaze fixed on the young scout. There was no beckoning, no nod of the head, but simply "How," and he strode out of the door, Cody following. The family though somewhat used to these Indian moves, somehow feared treachery. The Indian seemed to sense it, and turning about, laid on the floor his gun and knife, and holding up his hands, with a smile turned and joined Cody outside the home.

Here he told his trouble and asked the assistance of young "Pahaska."

The following day Cody visited the tepee of the old chief, and after a long talk, making many promises of help, as against the Cherokees, a tribe more powerful than his own, succeeded in "showing the old man." It was not, however, until after many "smokes" that the old chief finally consented, but he did, and I may add here in parenthesis that it was a good move and one he never regretted, for with the assistance and "palaver" of Cody the

two tribes were united, together forming one of the most formidable and close Indian alliances on the plains.

This was the kindness Cody did for Iron Tail, and was the beginning of a life long friendship, and to-day these ill assorted men, white and red, are as firmly bound in friendship as brothers—nay, more, for Iron Tail is Buffalo Bill's shadow, both with the show, and on the big hunt which the two invariably take each year when the show is in winter quarters.

But for Iron Tail's tribute:

The writer of this was with Cody and with the Indians so much that he, like many another "border boy" learned to speak their language, and knowing Iron Tail for years, and being known as "Billy's" friend, the old chief paid a beautiful tribute to his friend "Pahaska," and it has been ringing in my ears till it seems to take the measured beat of rhyme, and so near as I may I translate it as follows:

IRON TAIL'S TRIBUTE.

I long for the plains of the boundless west,
The seas of waving green,
The buffalo bounding free and wild,
And the yelp of the coyotte lean.

I long for the days of long ago,
When the red man wooed the squaw,
And sailed his love, his redskin doe,
On the waves of the raging Kaw.

I long for the days when I was young.
With my quiver and trusty bow,
When *Pahaska, the long haired chief,
Was young, and good to know.

I'm growing old, my eye is dim,
My life has been long, and 'round
The mystic campfire my friends await
In the happy hunting ground.

Pahaska, my friend, is true to me,
"We're pards," he says, "old boy,"
And the firm clasp of the long haired chief,
To old Iron Tail brings joy.

*—Pahaska, "Long Hair," the Indian name
for Buffalo Bill.

We're nearing the last long sleep, we two,
Pahaska, my friend, and I,
So what care I, with my brother white,
How swiftly time may fly.

For soon the tom-tom will beat for me,
And the red men gather round,
And dance the dance of death, you see,
'Ere I leave for the hunting ground.

And Pahaska, long haired chief, will kneel
And talk to the Spirit Great,
About old Iron Tail, the chief,
His friend and Indian mate.

And then I'll go to my horse and dogs,
Who will bark and leap and bound,
And, with my pipe, for my friend I'll wait
In the happy hunting ground.

And Pahaska will come to greet me there,
Far off through the boundless blue,
To the Spirit Great will take me, as
A red man tried and true.

ALONE WITH GOD.

The Boundless Prairie.—A Night and a Day.—
The Star Studded Sky.—The Lonesome Mule.
—A Sow Belly Supper.—A Smoke.—Asleep.—
Alone.—A Dangerous Journey.—The Perils of
of a Scout.

If you are a fairly old man you could have seen what I have seen. But if you are as old as the everlasting hills and have never been west of the Missouri river, you could not have seen it.

Have you ever been alone with God?

Go with me to the vast and seemingly endless prairies of the west, ride alone all day, far, far from any human habitation, over the boundless sea of waving prairie grass, the summer sun beating down upon you, catching a drink now and then from a buffalo wallow or a water hole, watching the blazing sun transformed now into a big red ball nestle quietly down into the same sea of green which surrounds you on all sides.

If you know your horse, or as in my case, your mule, you will take off saddle and bridle and turn him loose to roll and graze the night through or settle down for a quiet snooze, well fitted for rest by his tiresome journey.

You settle your saddle for a pillow, spread your blanket, open your grub sack and take out your hard tack and sow belly and proceed to have supper. You light your fire of dried grass, of last year's vintage backed by dried buffalo chips and do what cooking you can in the shape of frying the bacon in its own grease, making coffee in your "horseback" camp kettle, and with an appetite whetted by "the plains" devour as a dainty morsel such grub as would turn your stomach "in civilization."

But you are on the plains. Restaurants and short order houses are not sending out their enticing odors. Bacon has a mighty fine flavor, and besides, the legs of that Jack rabbit, browned to a turn in the bacon grease makes good eating. Butter? Nope, bacon's good enough.

But supper's over. You fill your pipe and settle down for a good smoke. You

are all alone. It is dark. You can hear your mule feeding just a few yards away. As he grazes, here and there, picking the choice tufts of buffalo grass, you can hear each time he cuts off a tuft and grinds it up with a clump, clump.

You settle down on your back, look up, up, into the dark spangled distance. A mammoth dark bowl covers you. It is studded with stars. At all points the great circle comes down and resting upon the earth, shuts you in. You do not have a feeling of being shut in, on the contrary, you feel free, free, alone—it is all yours. Yours to gaze upon; to breathe in the pure air of the boundless west.

You are alone—with God.

You feel safe.

True it is, alone as you may feel there are hundreds—nay thousands—to bear you company. Listen to the noise of the silence—a paradox. Hear the katydid, the grasshopper, and the thousands of other insect hymns of praise to the Great Ruler of the Universe.

This is God's country.

It may be that your sleep will be deep and unbroken till the early dawn, or per-

haps your mule, waking up has missed you or wandered away. Then he will tune up as only a lonesome mule can, and call for you. You will know it is a call, for it is more plaintive and entirely different from the bray of the animal under ordinary circumstances.

I am judging your mule by my mule. You rise up and call or answer your faithful companion and he will come to you whisking his tail as sporty as if he did not know he had a long day's journey before him.

The dew on the grass has given him drink, or moisture as well as food, and he is in good shape to make it to the first watercourse.

This is a day and a night—but it was of the night I sought to tell.

As you lie there looking up at the stars there seems to be a holy hush, and I defy **any old plainsman** to say that he has lain **down in** the middle of that vast green universe under that big starry bowl that he did not think of God, and of the great power and kindness, and protection of the ruler whose name is God.

I care not how wicked he may be, an

outlaw if you will, that spark of God in all mankind recognizes its master and goes out to Him in the lonely vastness of the broad prairie. He feels—

Alone with God.

This prelude I write to show what Will Cody experienced not once but many times when on urgent trips through the heart of the hostile Indian country, bearing dispatches from one army post to another, often through territory where he dared not build a fire by day or night, for the light is a guide for hostile Indians by night and a pillar of smoke by day invites the red man to lift your scalp. It is lonesome enough in times of peace, when danger does not threaten, but how much it draws upon a man's bravery when he undertakes a trip of days through a country where every rise of a hill may disclose a horde of blood thirsty red skins. Literally he took his scalp in his hand, he who made those trips, and more than once this fearless scout has saved the soldiers' women and children of the border army posts. What this government owes to Buffalo Bill may never be written, or paid.

And these "forlorn hope" trips were

taken, not by a soldier, who acted under orders, but by a man who volunteered. Medals he has been given, it is true, by congress. Letters of commendation galore, he has had from generals of the army, but I am free to acknowledge, right here and now, I have never seen the time when I valued my auburn locks so cheaply as to undertake any one of the many trips made by Buffalo Bill through hostile Indian country in the interests of civilization.

I have since seen him in his great show surrounded by his army of people and admired him, but never has my heart welled up into my throat as it did when I watched him disappear over the rise on a mission from which I felt he would never return.

Verily he was alone with God.

JESSE JAMES.

Taking Dinner With the Noted Outlaw.—Missouri Hospitality.—A Squirrel Hunt.—Eugene Field and I Share the Hospitality of Jesse James and His Mother.—Jesse as a Plainsman.—One Brave Man's Opinion of Another.—“Buffalo Bill is the Bravest Man That Ever Crossed the Plains, and True as Gold.”

It was my good fortune or ill, as you like, to meet the notorious Jesse James at the home of his mother down in Missouri. It was long before the humble home became the mecca for curious visitors. It was at a time when there was a price on the head of the outlaw.

My companion was the late Eugene Field, and we stopped there for a dinner. It was the custom in those days to purchase a meal at any farm house, and this was

the hospitable door which opened to our knock.

We told the lady that we were hungry; that we had been hunting all day with no luck, and would like to have our dinner.

We were made welcome by the soft voice of the lady and we sat in the sitting room while waiting for the meal which was being prepared. It was nearing noon time and she said: "The men folks will be in from the field pretty soon, so make yourselves comfortable."

While we were waiting, a man stepped in and greeted us with—"Good day, gentlemen; waiting for dinner?" We answered him in the affirmative, and as we looked we both knew that it was the notorious Jesse James, for we both had seen him at the great robbery of the Kansas City fairgrounds, and once seen his was a face and carriage never to be forgotten.

But he was on his native heath, where every farm house was a place of refuge, and every person a loyal friend. As we sat there the conversation turned to Buffalo Bill, for on the table lay a copy of the New York Weekly with his story written as a serial, by Ned Buntline.

"I would sooner shake hands with Buffalo Bill, man to man than any king that ever walked the earth. I believe, from what I know of him personally, that he is the bravest single man that ever crossed the plains, and though he would not remember me, I once crossed the plains with him in a wagon train for which he was guide and scout. A brave man, a dead shot and true as gold."

We spent a pleasant hour with the noted outlaw, and before dinner we were regaled with the genuine old bourbon, which he brought from the cellar in a tin dipper and served in tea cups. He didn't seem a bit afraid of us even though I boasted the weight of 130 pounds, and Gene was but a few pounds heavier. He knew every move made for his capture, for word was got to him by boy, man, girl or woman, as soon as danger threatened. So he seemed perfectly care free. But this is not a Jesse James story. I give it only to show what one brave man thought of another.

A DEAD SHOT.

We have all seen Buffalo Bill and his fine marksmanship in the ring. A great many people think he must have to keep in good practice to do that fancy shooting.

He was always a good shot. Even as a boy, his friends did not fear to hold an apple between the thumb and finger for him to pierce with a bullet. And the strange part of it is that though he has probably shot bushels of apples in this way, he never harmed a hair of the holder. He was a born shot, and though I knew him at an early age, I do not recall the time when he was not a prime shot, far above the average man, and good shots were the rule and not the exception on the border.

As I look at it now, I think he could disable an automobile at long range by puncturing its tires. He would make a good officer to enforce the speed limit, but as he is something of a speeder himself, I don't believe he would harm a motor car any more than he would abuse a horse.

WHITE FAWN.

A Story of the Early West.—A Stolen Child Returned to Her Parents After Years as an Adopted Indian.—Buffalo Bill as Rescuer.—“Cody’s Deer.”—The Waif in Her Happy Home.

This was the name borne by a white girl who had been stolen while a baby by the Indians. It was in the days of the big plains, when Denver was but a handful of houses, shacks and tents. It was long before the bands of steel had united the oceans, and dotted the western prairies with farms, towns and cities. It was in the days when a horde of red skins would appear to a moving family or train of movers, and steal live stock, and in many instances murder the party outright.

Camped for the night on the banks of a stream was a party of movers, seeking homes in the new west. A band of Indians, Cheyennes, came upon the party, and drove off their live stock, shot two of the men, mistreated the women, and carried away

captive a little child ten years old. One of the men was so badly wounded that he died the second day after, but the others were unhurt. A single team of horses escaped the stampede and were hitched to one of the wagons, and moved on. The mother of the little one was frantic, but there was no trace of her child or of the Indians, so there was nothing to do but to move on with the party, leaving her little one to her fate. This may sound heartless, but it would avail the mother nothing to stay at the scene of her trouble. Her little one was gone, and she fervently prayed that the Good Lord in His mercy had taken her to himself. Days wore themselves into weeks, weeks into months, and no tidings of the child. The word had gone out, and every plainsman knew of the stolen child and kept a look out for her. But now it faded from their memory.

Years afterward when Cody was a pony express rider he heard of a white girl with a tribe of Indians. She was known as "White Fawn," and Cody determined to see if it were the lost girl. He watched for that migrating tribe, and his efforts were rewarded after several months, searching



WHITE FAWN.

at odd times, when he was not on a scouting trip or guiding a train.

It was at a time when the red men were at peace with the whites, a temporary lull so that they could draw rations from the government that Cody who was attached to a supply train, came upon white Fawn, as she, with the members of her tribe, came into camp to draw their supplies. There were no established trading or supply posts then. The Indians were in camp a short distance from the supply camp, and the young scout made a night visit to the Indian camp. He waited his opportunity to get a word with the girl, and it seemed she was anxious to speak with him. But the watchful eye of the old squaw, her foster mother, prevented. There was, however, a friendly squaw, who met Cody and volunteered her assistance to spirit the girl beyond the limits of the camp, to a point where the young scout could meet her. The meeting was a success, and plans were laid whereby "White Fawn" was to leave her red people and go with him to "the States," where she could be with the whites.

It was a long story, as it was told me

though he succeeded in getting her away. The night was fixed, and the girl and her Indian friend were at the spot appointed. Cody was there with his own horse, and a government horse, and the buckskin traveling trunk of White Fawn, was strapped to the saddle. Not a soul in camp knew of the move save the officer in command, and it was through him that Cody secured the extra horse. It was midnight when the pair started for the fort and it was late the next night before they reached it.

For some time the two rode over the prairies, along the wagon trail. Each moment taking them farther away from danger of discovery or capture, for the Indians were very jealous of White Fawn and discovery of her absence would be quickly followed by pursuit.

Slowing down their horses as they ascended a rise, they felt rather secure. The night was a perfect one, bright with stars, and the moon had not yet risen.

Listen! Far to the rear came faintly the sound of hoof beats muffled by the turf road of the prairies. Not one but many, it seemed, and the sensitive hearing of the horses seemed to take on the im-

portance of hurry, and without spur or whip they went to their work. The short respite had rested the well broken thoroughbreds, and they easily took the long swinging gallop of a trained prairie horse. It was their native heath. And both horses were of superior wind and range. Not an ounce of fat. All muscle and bone and wind which would far out-strip the most highly prized thoroughbreds of the east.

A word to his horse, and the animals with one accord let out another link of speed, but still nearer, nearer and more distinct came the pursuers. It was a ride to the finish. It was the chase of death, for well Cody knew that a capture by that Indian horde meant death for him and worse for his girl companion.

White Fawn set her lips and urged her gallant steed forward. Not a sound of fear did she utter. Only an encouraging word and a tap of her moccasined feet in the animal's flank. The moon coming up threw a flood of light over the prairie and shed a radiance on the race.

On came the savages, half a dozen in number, mounted on fresh horses. On they came, until finding they were discovered,

they raised that curdling yell so well known to the plainsmen. It was the cry of demons. It was the wild chant of death. Would the noble horses hold out half an hour longer? Could they?

Already their sides thumped and their breath came in labored puffs, but still the metal of the warhorse never slackened speed. Now the course was a gentle slope down the hill, and the advantage they gained would put them pretty close to the fort, at least within gunshot sound.

The mad race continued, and the Indians well knowing they must capture them quick or give up the chase, put their horses to their best.

They were gaining.

Cody saw that the race was over, and something must be done, for their horses showed signs of giving out. The noble animals were almost at the end of their endurance.

The fort was in sight, but still a good long distance away.

"Ride your best, but spare your horse," said Cody. "Don't wait for me, but ride, ride."

White Fawn kept up the pace while

Cody turned in the saddle and saw the Indians just over the brow of the hill. Like a statue he and his horse stood, he ready with his rifle, and the horse, breathing hard but gaining its lost wind.

As soon as the foremost came within range, Cody sent a well directed shot and dropped the on coming horse. This gave him time, for the Indians stopped for a moment, but soon they were again on the chase. Another shot from Cody, and still another had a tendency to slaken their speed to keep them out of his range. This was continued until one young buck, more reckless than the rest, rode far in advance of the others and opened fire on Cody. He was not a good shot, but Cody turned in the saddle and this itme shot the rider not the horse.

This ended the pursuit, and just as the gray of dawn was dimming the moonlight, Cody and White Fawn rode into the fort.

The horses were worn out, but thanks to the love of every plainsman for horses, They were at once taken in hand and cared for as tenderly and kindly as though they were the winning favorites of a king.

“White Fawn” was taken charge of by

the wife of one of the officers, and through the good big heart of Gen. Carr, she was taken to the East, to be educated, and fitted to take her place as a white woman. The news of her capture got into the papers and it was not long before her parents came from Denver to claim their long lost child. The good natured General Carr suggested that the wife of the prairies be given the name of "White Fawn Cody," or as he put it in a joking manner "Cody's Deer."

"White Fawn," is not a person of the past. True, she is not the bounding lassie she was when she was "an Indian," but she is a well preserved Denver lady with little white fawns of her own, who in turn have their families about them. The world has been kind to White Fawn, and I think she will read this little sketch of herself in her own beautiful Denver home.

White Fawn spends much of her summer outing with Col. Cody's sister—Mrs. Decker, in the healthful climate of Cody City, Wyoming, up in the mountains where the air is pure and the waving pines give out their health laden aroma, where the mountain trout are plentiful, and big game lures the adventurous hunter.

FLIRTING WITH DEATH.

“Sometime Bill Cody will be missing, and we’ll run across him filled full of arrows and lead, and without his scalp,” said Walt Sinclair, one of the bravest scouts of the plains. “He takes chances no other man would take, for love or money. He simply courts death, but if the red devils get hold of him, they’ll torture him. They’ve got a whole lot laid up against him, and he knows it. I tell you the Indian that kills Cody will be a chief as soon as it is done,” and Walt proceeded to fill his pipe.

“I tell yez,” said Mike Sullivan, as long as Bill has ammunition they’ll not get his scalp. Why he’d sooner have a gun duel wid an Injun than kiss a gurrel.” said Walt.

“But suppose his bullets gave out?”

“Well, ye darn fool, don’t ye s’pose he has his dirk knife?” and Mike turned away as if that settled it.

From what I have seen of Buffalo Bill, boy and man, and from what I have heard from others who have been on the plains

with him, I believe that more than any man living he has flirted and coquetted with death. Its a born trait with him, and he enjoys it.

THOSE WATERMELONS.

If you look back in your life you can remember some old grouch that you'd like to get even with. One of this kind crossed the path of "the Clan." He made it uncomfortable for us when ever we went near his farm in melon time. In fact several of the boys know how a dose of bird shot feels, and more than one took his meals standing because of John Duke and his bird shot.

This old grouch was in town one day with a big load of watermelons, taking them to Fort Leavenworth, three miles above, to sell to the soldiers.

Of course, as boys will, we gathered around the wagon when he stopped in front of Hastings' store, and one of the boys felt the sting of his whip as he climbed on the wagon wheel.

Billy noticed that the end gate was secured by a piece of clothesline, and not the customary iron rod. He also knew that Duke would have to drive up a steep hill to get to Fort Leavenworth. Using his Barlow knife for a bow, and the rope for a fiddle string, Billy stood there innocently watching the old grouch sell melons. When he was ready to go Billy's tune was ended, and but a few strains or strands remained of the improvised fiddle string. Not a word was said among the boys, but intuitively we following at a safe distance the load of melons. The hill was reached and the splendid team lay to their collars as they started up the incline. The rope held well, but when half way up the hill it became divorced and such an avalanche of melons I never saw before or since. It was not a land slide it was a melon roll, a squash a splash a crack, and the juicy cores lay temptingly red on the road. We were not in sight, but if John Duke had taken a skirmish in the deep hazel brush on either side of the road there would have been some tall running. As it was he only looked at the raveled rope and said things. There were about twenty or thirty melons

left in the big wagon bed so he patched up his end gate and went on to the fort. And then those harpies! How like birds of prey over the carcass of a buffalo they did descend on that fruit! We ate till we could eat no more, and though there was enough and to spare, we could only look with longing eyes and leave it. But that is just the boy of it. Boys of to-day will do the same thing, just so long as there are surly grouchy men to get even with.

And honest, I think Buffalo Bill hates an over-bearing grouch to-day as bad as Billy did then.

DIFFERENT DAMS.

Buffalo Bill straightens up and throws out his chest when he points with pride to the dam in the mountains on the line of the Cody trail as the highest dam in the world.

There are dams and damns.

I can recall a time when he had but six shots in his gun, and we thought the lives of three of us depended upon his marksmanship.

One of them missed fire.

A bunch of redskins were coming our way and their scalping knives were ready to unhair us. They were coming swift, too, and for one I am free to confess that when I tried to pray, I forget all but "Now I lay me," and that darn fool Cody, as we thought him, actually set his rifle down on end to say

"Damn."

I think as I look back that was the highest, lowest, longest, widest damn I ever saw or heard.

Then he took up his rifle, and winged the foremost causing him to drop his gun, and whirl, followed by the rest of his party of five.

"Big dam?"

There's a whole lot of difference whether it is dam or damn.

"Stick to history," says Cody, so I'll just add that this same Indian still bearing Cody's bullet mark on his arm is with the show, or was in August, 1911, and is now a good Indian, and one of the historical features in the pictures of the Wild West.

A LOVING CUP.

Buffalo Bill is Attacked Before an Audience of Nearly 20,000 People and Presented with a Loving Cup by the Citizens of Clinton, Iowa. —The State of His Birth.—Auditor Hayes' Tribute and Buffalo Bill's Reply.

I take the following from the Clinton, Iowa Herald, to show how Buffalo Bill's native state appreciates her illustrious son:

"For the past two weeks, the Booster Club of this city has been sending out personal invitations to our sister cities to join with us in giving Buffalo Bill, the ovation of his life.

Two reasons there were for this: First, because he is an Iowa boy, born within a few miles of this city, near LeClaire, and second, because it is his last appearance in the arena at Clinton. Acting on this his friends in Clinton conceived the idea of presenting him with a souvenir of The Bright Spot, and a remembrance of his

farewell tour. Accordingly word was passed down the line and the result was a mammoth sterling silver loving cup for Cody. The plan was laid before Brumer Bros., an elegant cup secured, and by these gentlemen properly engraved, not only with the inscription on the front, but with the names of the donors on the reverse side. A handsome plush lined case to fit the cup was also a special order, and as it was displayed in the window of Brumer Bros., was the finest ever seen in Clinton.

In the afternoon an immense crowd thronged the grounds and when the doors were opened that vast concourse quickly transferred itself to seats in the mammoth colliseum. Catchy music by the famous Cow Band band opened the program. Shortly after came the opening or introductory act. The various nationalities represented by their rough riders were called and took their places in the grand arena. Then their national flag and its standard bearer. Thus the various tribes of Indians each followed by its chief came in on their sturdy American ponies. The cow boys from the vast plains of America, and last the Old Scout and maker of history, Buffalo Bill, accom-



W. E. Hayes presenting the Loving Cup to Buffalo Bill, Clinton, Iowa, before a gathering of
20,000 People, August 4th, 1912.

panied by Old Glory, greeted with cheers from thousands of patriotic throats, for Old Glory and the Iowa boy who bore it into the western wilds—the entering wedge for civilization.

At the close of the initial act of the big show, this afternoon, and just as the Colonel had finished his introduction of the Congress of National Rough Riders, two little daughters of Attorney C. H. George approached him in the arena from the grand stand, one bearing a silk flag, and the other the cup. They were followed by Mr. William E. Hayes, city auditor, who had been selected to make a brief address. It was a case of an Iowa boy of this generation addressing an Iowa born boy of two generations ago. It was a tribute of a youth of this century to a veteran of the history making epoch of our country. Mr. Hayes' address was in substance as follows:

“Hon. W. F. Cody—Buffalo Bill:

It has been delegated to me, a representative of your friends in the City of Clinton, as City Auditor, to present to you this Loving Cup. .

It is with feelings of pride that I acceded to their wishes. It is a privilege accorded

to but one of our generation, to address the man who made history; the man who as pioneer and border scout, opened the way through the wilds of the west, and made it possible for the flag of empire to move westward, and later for the steel bands of our great commercial highway to unite the east and west. This is known, Col. Cody, wherever English is spoken, but we feel that more is due to a son of Iowa, than empty words. And now in the name of your friends, and the City of Clinton, I as an Iowa born boy, tender to Iowa's illustrious son, this token of our good will and friendship.

It may not be studded with gems of priceless value. It is not. It may not bear the crest of royalty or the insignia of a monarch. It does not. It comes from true free Americans—every man a king. It brings to you the loyal heart throbs of Iowa—your Iowa. It is not for me to rehearse your days of danger, your deeds of valor on the border or in the war. It is not for me to tell what the people of Iowa recognize in an Iowa boy. It's all in the cup. Take this memento from the State of your birth, from those who know you well.

It is tendered you with earnest God speeds as you step from the arena and take your place with America's other kings, a simple American Citizen, but to remain till time shall be no more, the only Buffalo Bill."

The loving cup is of Sterling silver lined with Etruscan gold and stands 12 inches high and is of the Grecian urn pattern, having handles on either side with a modeling of vine effect around the top and bottom, a beaded circle just above the base, while the base of the cup proper is beautifully molded in Egyptian scroll pattern, in unison with the handles.

The front of the cup bears the following inscription:

To
Col. W. F. Cody
Buffalo Bill
A Maker of History
An Iowa Boy
Who Honors His State
From
The Citizens of
Clinton, Iowa,
August 4,
1911.

The reverse of the cup bears the names of Clinton citizens who made the presentation a possibility, as follows:

H. U. Crockett, G. A. Smith, G. W. Forrest, C. E. McMahon, W. E. Hayes, J. D. Van Allen, C. H. George, J. A. Lubbers, R. G. Brumer, G. C. Smith, G. A. Brumer, Otto Korn, B. M. Jacobsen, A. G. Smith, A. C. Smith, Wm. Oakes, G. M. Curtis, L. Lamb, C. C. Coan, T. W. Hall, H. S. Towle, F. Ellis, R. W. Bye, T. E. Hauke, F. Leedham, J. G. McGrath, L. C. Eastman, Jack Hayes, J. Baer, E. Carstensen, H. Ray, H. Pahl, D. Shiebley, F. Leffingwell, C. Clancy, G. McGrath, Clark J. McLane, D. H. Winget, L. F. Weston, O. E. Greene.

The case, made especially for the cup, is a handsome cabinet of cushioned leather de lux, and is lined with royal purple plush, fitted up to snugly hold the silver and protect it in transportation, or, open to set it off for exhibition, when it rests in its ultimate home in Col. Cody's cabinet of prized souvenirs in his mountain bungalow "Pahaska."

We had figured that we would get Col. Cody, where language would fail him, but nothing doing; nothing short of chloro-

form will do it. In response to the presentation address though a little taken off his feet, he grasped the horse's name, and made a very graceful talk complimenting the "Bright Spot," her people and voicing the pleasure it always gave him to visit Clinton and the state of his birth.

As the old scout doffed his sombrero, and took a last look over a Clinton audience, we feel sure that a photograph of "The Bright Spot" was indelibly etched in his memory."



BUFFALO BILL AS SANTA CLAUS.

BUFFALO BILL AS SANTA CLAUS.

A True Story Told in Verse.
[By D. H. Winget.]

“Twas Christmas on the border,
When the West was wild and young,
Before the days of railroads,
When many a horse-thief swung;
When men, to seek their fortunes,
Took their lives into their hands,
And dug and washed for gold dust
In those far-off golden sands.

It was rough, I tell you, pardner,
Out in those mining camps,
With only rough, big bearded men
Whose memory on me stamps
The fact, that 'neath the woolen shirt,
There beat big hearts and true,
And tender as a woman's,
And honest through and through.

The games were not as gentle
As tennis or croquet,
'Twas fashion to play poker there
And bags of dust the pay.
A mile or so from our gulch,
A washerwoman lived,
Whose little children ate and wore
From what she earned and saved.

This Christmas eve I speak of
One of the boys was out;
He saw the washerwoman's light,
And turned, this Western scout,
Straight for the lighted cabin—
For he was looking 'round
For a gang of thieves and outlaws;
The cabin's light he found.

With eager tread he hastened,
"I've found them in their den,"
Thought he, "and now I'll listen,
I think I've got my men."
With hand upon his pistol
He neared the cabin door,
And listened to the voices—
Then could not wait for more.

To this the brave scout listened
Out on the border wilds:
"Oh, ma! tomorrow's Christmas!"
The sweet voice was a child's,
"And will the good old Santa come
And bring us toys and slates,
And pretty dolls and candies, too,
Like he used to in the States?"

"God grant he may," she answered,
"But I am not so sure
That Santa Claus will be so kind
Now that we are so poor.
But go to bed, my darlings,
And say your evening prayer;
Remember God is in the West
As well as 'way back there."

The scout went to the window
Through which a bright light shone;
He saw her kiss the children,
"God bless you both, my own!"
"God darned if I can stand it";
He wiped away a tear,
To which his eyes a stranger
Had been for many a year.

The little children went to bed—
They left the mother there,
And overcome with bitter grief
She knelt in earnest prayer;
“Oh, God!” she said, and weeping,
“Remove this bitter cup;
How can I disappoint them,
They’ve hung their stockings up.

“I’ve not a slice of bacon
Or crust of bread to eat,
When they awake for breakfast,
Nor nothing good or sweet;
Thy will be done, Oh Father,
But if it be Thy will,
Oh, let me get some clothes and wood
To ward off cold and chill.”

’Twas too much for the hardy scout—
He turned to move away,
But caught the children’s voices,
And, to hear what they would say,
He neared their bedroom window,
And while he waited there
He listened to the lisping,
As they raised their voice in prayer.

“O, Dod bless our dear mamma,
Who works so hard all day,
And buys good things for us to eat,
When the miners come and pay;
An’ Dod, you know she loves you,
And don’t like folks what swears,
And makes her little children
Kneel down and say dere prayers.

And, Dod, if ’taint much trouble,
I’ll ask some more, because,
You see tomorrow’s Christmas,
And please send Santa Claus
To put fings in our stockings—
We hung ’em up out dere—
Susie’s by the chimney,
And mine is on the chair.

Now, Dod, please don’t dis’point us,
Just send whatever suits;
Send sis a pair of nice warm shoes
And me a pair of boots.
And, Dod, please send a blanket—
This cover’s awful thin,
And great big holes all through the house,
They let the cold come in.

Now, Dod, I'll say dood night to you,
Because I'se awful cold,
And if I ask for too much things
You'll think I'se getting bold;
But if you please, before you go,
I'll ask you—this is all—
If it ain't too expensive,
Please send my ma a shawl."

"You bet your life He will, my boy,"
The scout said, soft and low,
And turning then with silent tread—
Back to the camp did go.
"Wake up, you fellers, one and all,
And ante up with me—
I'll show you how to gamble
In a way you'll like to see."

"Now what's excited Buffalo Bill,
I wonder?" shouted one.
"Just listen," said the border scout,
"While through my talk I run."
And then he told the story through—
The facts set plain and clear;
And many a rough old miner's hand
Brushed from his eye a tear.

“Now, here’s a twenty-dollar piece,
Who’ll ante up with me,
To make the little children
Go wild and dance with glee?”
The poker tables bore rich fruit—
The stacks of gold heaped high;
“I’ll go you one and raise you two,”
“I’ll stay with you or die.”

Bill took his hat and passed it ’round,
“Be lively, boys, because
Before the sun is up, you know,
We’ll all be Santa Claus.”
The boys all chipped in coin and dust
Like men who business meant,
And then from out that gambling den
To another one they went.

And told the story o’er again—
The same results all round—
And others joined the merry throng,
And “chink” the gold did sound.
They went the ’rounds of all saloons
And gambling dens in camp,
With big, rough, honest, manly hearts
And torches for a lamp.

It warn't no scrimping crowd, you bet,
The money poured like rain;
The rough old miners stood not back,
Nor were their efforts vain.
The money came, the men increased,
Then went they to the store,
Too buy the things the children wished,
Warm clothes and food and more

Than had been thought or asked for
By the children while at prayer,
Or the mother in her fondest wish
For her little darlings there;
And many a miner rough choked up,
At the thought of cruel fates,
For some had wives and loved ones
Away back in the States.

They heaped a pile of everything
The border store contained,
For the widow and her children,
Until nothing else remained
For them to do, but get it there
To the widow's lowly home—
Then was their night's work finished,
And then abroad they'd roam.

There were lots of us rough fellows
 (For I was in the crowd),
And each man gathered up a load.
 Though no one spoke aloud,
And then led on by Cody
 To the widow's lonely hut,
Across the gulch, beyond the hill,
 We took the shortest cut.

Then quiet every miner
 Deposited his load
Before the little cabin door,
 Then gathered in the road;
And in that pile was everything
 The widow could desire;
And of pure virgin gold a sack
 Still made the pile raise higher.

And to the sack they tied a note
 Which bade the widow cheer,
And said: "Accept this Christmas gift
 From One who's always near,
For God has heard your children,
 And this is here because
It was your darlings' earnest prayer
 And God sent Santa Claus."

“Who'll stand guard till daybreak?”
“Buffalo Bill,” said Cy,
“And with his trusty rifle
He'll guard the gift or die.”
A man all clad in buckskin
Stepped out and said “I will!”
The miners knew the gift was safe—
The man was Buffalo Bill.

On the bright Christmas morning
She opened wide the door,
And an avalanche of Christmas
Came tumbling on the floor.
The children heard the rumble
Of the gift, and without pause
They came in from their bedroom
And shouted “Santa Claus!”

The widow knelt beside them,
Despite their childish pranks;
With streaming eyes and fuller heart
Returned to God her thanks.
And stealthy through the bushes
There moved off one so still,
“God bless you little cubs,” said he,
Then vanished Buffalo Bill.

DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

Gathering Up the Threads, Counting on My
Fingers and Finding Errors in Figures, Dates
and Ages.

I said at the beginning of these sketches that I would pay no attention to dates or figures. That, I thought, was a safe proposition for I am so poor with figures that I actually don't know a good figure when I see one, be it man, woman, or figure of speech. To acknowledge to you on the quiet, I juggle figures so badly that Mr. Smith, my banker, has to telephone to me for red ink to balance my account, and I guess its blushing for me even as I pen these lines.

But to get down to figures, just a few facts in paragraphs to even up the errors in age and date of several of the foregoing

sketches, which were printed as fast as written:

In his 11th year, Billy Cody was on the plains scouting and herding for Russell, Majors and Waddell, and the train was captured, and the wagons burned by the notorious Lot Smith, the Mormon Danite chief, one hundred miles east of Salt Lake, and Billy with others who escaped the massacre footed it back to Leavenworth, making a trip of over 1000 miles. "This hike," says the Colonel, "broke me of walking." But of this more further on.

And again. Before he was 19, he was riding pony express, that great opening of mail communication across the vast plains, and still before that when but 16 years old he was wagon master in charge of one of those long trains of prairie schooners.

In his 19th year, he was made Chief of Scouts of the U. S. and guide by General Sherman, who recognized in the boy the metal and courage of a western plainsman.

Had I kept on at this rate, I would have had Col. Cody in the Methusela class, or helping George Washington cut down the cherry tree. Confound these figures anyhow. But at that, in those days a whole

lot of excitement could be crowded into a short space of time. As I look back upon it through the haze of half a century, things merge one into another, and while I recall names and places long forgotten, I cannot always confine events to their proper time. It is just as I told you in the beginning, I shall not be accurate as to dates, but the various sketches are true to the letter.

Right here before I forget it, I want to say that the worst massacres of the plains were incited by out law white men, far lower in the scale of human degradation than the Indians whom they used as tools. Cody one time made the remark that civilization would have been greatly facilitated had the white outlaws been captured and shot wherever found. Cody knew the Indian, and with all his trying experience with the red man, I do not believe there is a white man who walks the earth to-day who has a greater respect for our red brother than Buffalo Bill, and on the other hand, I don't believe there ever rode the plains a single man whom the Indians feared and respected as they did this long haired avenger of blood or dispenser of mercy. His word was good with the red man. He

never lied to them or deceived them. They well knew that if he swung his rifle to the shoulder an Indian was going to bite the dust. He was a dead shot, and never pulled his gun until he was within range. He knew his gun and knew his sight.

Buffalo Bill was a constant menace to the white outlaws, and they were constantly looking for an opportunity to kill him. He was in their way.

But I started this chapter to talk about figures, and I have done so, and have rambled away, touching lightly on several subjects each of which would make a book.

So I'll start again in my rambling way regardless of dates until mayhap I get myself into another tangle

AT ELEVEN YEARS.

Billy Cody as Herd Boy, Has a Thrilling Experience.—A Wagon Train Captured by Danites, the Mormon Terrors of the Plains.—A Nervey Wagon Master.—A Supply Train Burned and Its Crew Captured.—A Long Hike For the East.—This Broke Young Cody of Walking.

Billy Cody at the age of 11, got a job with Wagon Master Simpson, as night herd, and his duties were to ride watch on the grazing cattle, for it was a "bull outfit." Mr. Simpson was one of those rough big hearted men of the plains, and had taken quite a notion to Billy, and it was on his promise to take good care of the boy that Mrs. Cody gave her consent to his going.

One night when his train was coralled and all were peacefully sleeping in camp about 100 miles east of Salt Lake, the notorious Lot Smith, the Danite, with a hundred of his white outlaws (Mormons) came

riding by, but were taken for returning travelers, and no notice take of them until they came closer. Cattle were stampeded, horses were stolen, and the entire train crew forced to surrender.

Simpson was wagon master, and he and a few of his men had ridden quite a distance from the camp. The Danites quite a body of white men approached the camp, and those who were still awake, supposing them to be returning travelers, of which many were encountered, suspected no treachery, but extended them the western hospitality of the camp. This gave the Danites the opportunity they desired and drawing their guns disarmed the few, bound them, and in the same manner secured the sleeping drivers.

Mr. Simpson and his men were also deceived and captured. But Mr. Simpson, a man of iron nerve, proceeded to tell the Danite leader what he thought of him, and this course, instead of meaning murder, rather awakened the admiration of Lot Smith, who gave them their arms, and one wagon of supplies for food, and allowed them to depart for the east, leaving the

remainder of the train and cattle to the Danites.

The defeated and disappointed men, knowing they were over-powered by numbers, took up their journey eastward, and later as they climbed a hill they could see the flames and smoke of their burning wagons and supplies. Billy was a boy—a child, but this was his record long distance walk. He footed it a thousand miles which as he told me, just last May, (1912), effectually broke him of walking.

Now, you Boy Scouts, when you are weary of a long “hike” think of the Original Boy Scout and his little “hike” of 1000 miles. Are you game?

A BOY WAGON MASTER.

How Supplies Were Transported Across the Plains to the Frontier Army Posts.—The Bull Outfit.—A Dead Shot and a 17-year Old Boy with Nerve.—A Trusted Wagon Boss.

A boundless prairie, a long train of white covered wagons, a hundred in number and to each hitched eight yoke of oxen—sixteen cattle and walking beside each wagon, armed with a long lash bull whip was a driver, or bull whacker as they were called. This was the style of crossing the plains in those good old primitive days. Quite a difference to the mile-a-minute trains of elegant coaches which now flash over the same route.

Each train was in charge of a wagon master whose word was law, whose law was supreme. These trains were laden with provisions and ammunition for the soldiers far out on the western frontier stationed at

crude camps called posts or forts, and it was up to the wagon master to deliver the goods. On him more than any other one man depended the sustenance of these western soldiers.

The bull whackers as a rule were a rough and ready lawless set, and it required a man of iron nerve and tact to handle them.

The man in charge of this train was a mere boy—not yet 20, and yet he handled that crowd of men perfectly. They recognized in that boy a born leader, and though he was but the age of many of our boy scouts of to-day, he bore an air of command far beyond his years.

One move of mutiny, according to the laws of the plains, meant death. No time for courts, no time for juries, no imprisonment, for there were no prisons. With the first mutinous move a crack of a rifle, and the leader was tried, convicted and sentenced. A single moment settled the case beyond recall, and all was over. As I said before, it required a man of iron nerve in the wagon master.

This boy had the nerve.

His word was law.

His commands were obeyed.

His name was Cody—Billy Cody.

He was a dead shot.

It was these attributes and accomplishments which made him the most trusted and successful wagon master of the plains, and another thing which won for him the respect of that great firm of freighters, was that he was true. He could be trusted. Many thousands of dollars worth of goods were placed in his charge, and they were always delivered intact to their destination.

WESTERN GIRLS.

The Metal Our Western Girls Were Made of.—
Their Loyalty to the Boy Scouts.—Games
of Danger.—Lives of Nerve—Young Protec-
tors.—Billy's "Clan."—Nellie's Wild Ride.—
"The Raiders Are Coming."—Billy's Rifle.—
Long Bow's Arrow.—Two Scalps.

To write this little sketch, I have taken
to the woods. Memory here, aided by the
sighing of the wind in the trees, carries me
back to the heavily timbered banks of the
Missouri river, in the days when the west
was a trackless wilderness, when the forests
were a dense network of trees, bushes and
undergrowth and the prairies one grand
Atlantic ocean of green billowing waving
grass.

This is the setting for our play ground
as boys. But in those wild western days,
danger lurked on every hand. The Indians
were not the subdued people they now are,

the white man was counted his game, the same as the buffalo, or other wild animals, but more—he was counted their enemy, and the basis of an Indian's worth and prominence with his tribe was gauged by the number of white people's scalps which dangled from his belt. So you can see that the playground of the western boy was full of danger. The boys of the west were trained to these dangers, and were always prepared. They had their fire arms and, what is more, they could use them. Where the boys of today, go a few blocks to a park or ball ground for their pleasure, miles and sometimes many of them were compassed in our wild western games. Our ponies were our true tried friends, our rifles our constant companions.

As I sit writing here, the wind sings a song, and lulls me to sleep. I am carried back, on the enchanted rug, the magic carpet of memory. Billy and Long Bow, our Indian friend, are with me. Our ponies graze quietly near by; we look up through the leafy branches of the mammoth oak and build our air castles.

It is nearing evening, the sun sun shines through the trees, making patches of shift-

ing light on the grass, as the southing wind rustles through the branches.

Long Bow with his acute sense hears something which brings him to his feet. We all rise.

Nearer and nearer came the hoof beats—a horse on a dead run. Nearer and nearer it came, and in the opening with her black hair flying in the wind, urging her pony to its best, came Nellie Cody, Billy's sister.

"Quick boys—the raiders," she said, and at once we were on the way back to town. Our ponies seemed to know that their best was expected, and buckled down to the race. Others of the "girl scouts" had given the alarm and the raiders were quickly turned away, but not before two of their number were fixed for a funeral.

Billy's rifle cracked, and an arrow from Long Bow did good service. Others of the "boy clan" were on hand, and the raiders who swooped down when the men folks of the little settlement were away, were taken care of by Billy and his boy scouts. The raiders rode rapidly away to the south, and no more was heard of them at that time.

It is but fair to say that Long Bow, with the Indian in his nature, scalped his man, and after completing the job, raised the hair of Billy's victim and presented the scalp to Cody, who told him to keep it. Thus at least one Indian had an extra scalp to his credit.

At a meeting the evening of the citizens much praise was awarded Billy and his boys and one of the speakers said "We can always feel safe if Billy Cody is at home." And you can just bet all the boys and girls were proud of their brave young leader.

Times are tame, now. The West is conquered. The vast prairies are seas of golden grain. The trail of the "bull outfit" has given way to the steel rails and the comet like train of luxurious coaches. The buffalo, with the Indian, are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, and soon, yes, before this little book has worn out, the only evidences we shall have of the wild west and its red men, its wolves, its buffalo, its catamonts, its broad wild prairie will be but the printed page of the historian, and even then many will call it an overdrawn picture.

HANDS UP!

A Short Chapter About What the Boy Scout Did to an Outlaw.—A Timely warning, and a Bad Man Captured.—The Border Ruffians Fail To Get Their Man.—Billy Gets His, and the Vigilantes Do the Rest.

For a long time the little city of Leavenworth, Kansas, had been infected by man-raiding gangs of outlaws from Missouri. They were known as Border Ruffians. They were of the lower class and were men whose mission was not pro-slavery, but robbery. These were men who would kill a man for money, and it was generally believed that they were hired to put out of the way some of the leading Free State citizens.

One night just after Billy had got home from a scouting expedition, a tap was heard at his bed room window, and Billy arose to find his Indian friend Long Bow await-

ing him. He hastily dressed and armed himself, for no person went out without arms in those days. The young Indian told him that a party had crossed the river in skiffs and were at the foot of Pottawatomia street on the river's edge. It took but a short time for Billy to size up the crowd of three—all desperate fellows. The white boy and the Indian watched their every move, and Billy crept so close on the overhanging bank that he could hear their conversation. It seems that Jim Lane, one of the Free State men, most hated, was in town, and it was the mission of these men to call him out and capture or kill him. It was late when one of their number started out on the mission, the others to follow shortly after, when Lane should be away from his house, the pretence being that Col. Weibling had sent for him. Billy dispatched the Indian boy to wake up the boys of our set, while he trailed the outlaw. The ruse was fairly successful, and Mr. Lane hastened to comply with the request, to come at once to Col. Weibling.

But they had not counted on "Billy," the boy scout. Just as Mr. Lane closed the window after receiving the message,

and telling the messenger to wait and he would accompany him.

“Hands up!”

And the outlaw turned and looked into the muzzles of two navy revolvers. Billy was behind them. His hands went up, and Mr. Lane hearing the altercation, came out at once.

“Take his pistols, Mr. Lane,” said Billy “He is here to kill you.”

Mr. Lane took the pistols from the belt of the outlaw, and Billy marched him down to the jail on Delaware street.

The rest of the gang got uneasy and took to their boat leaving their companion to the “court of the Vigilantes.”

A ROYAL HUNT.

Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, Guest of the Government.—Buffalo Bill in Charge of the Hunt.—The Luxuries of the Season on the Big Plains.—The Grand Duke Kills a Buffalo.—“Old Brigham” and “Lucretia” Prime Factors.—A Buffalo Pony’s Education.—The Grand Duke Almost Unhorsed.

As you will note in the first pages of this book, Buffalo Bill has told me to stick to history. I am going to obey him in this little sketch.

This is in regard to the grand buffalo hunt which was gotten up by the government for the benefit of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia.

Probably if I were of the stripe of men who cringe and toady to those of royal blood, I would say that this scion of Russian nobility rode nobly into the herd and selected the prize bull of the herd or the leader of

the grand run of buffalo, numbering many thousands, and with a well directed shot between the eyes made the monarch of the prairies "bite the dust."

But that would be a lie, and who ever heard of either George Washington or I, telling a lie?

The Grand Duke Alexis, the Crown Prince of all the Russias, was the guest of the government, and as a feature of his entertainment turned him loose upon our boundless prairies, selecting for his guide and (shall we say chaperone) Buffalo Bill, the king of buffalo hunters. All the luxuries which could be provided for this scion of royalty was provided for this mighty hunter of European extraction. He was the cream a la creme of royalty—the world was his—except the wild portion of the United States, and to this by the courtesy of the government he was introduced.

As the plains go, he was provided with a royal escort. His traveling outfit embraced the best the wild west could afford. With this royal hunter went enough packs of soldiers' supplies to take care of a regiment of plainsmen. Where the ordinary hunter had a pack saddle, he had an eight

mule team laden with all the delicacies of the market: where the average plainsman had hard tack and sow belly, he had all the delicacies of the season and a French chef; where good old red whiskey was good enough for the plainsman, wines of every brand, and artistic mixeoligists were in evidence, and that luring scintillating, bubbling champagne was on hand to make his royal nibbs feel at home. Just think of it! Away out on the plains where luke warm water out of a water hole or buffalo wallow was a godsend to the plainsman, iced champagne was there for your request, where hard tack was the rule, angel food was forth coming. The government was entertaining a royal guest.

But there is a time and place where all men meet on the level. One of them, the present king of England knows, as he rap the gavel or places the setting maul, and the other was on the boundless prairies of the west in the buffalo hunt. The best the country provided was placed at the command of the Grand Duke. A faultless rifle was handed him, a pair of buffalo spurs were buckled on his boots, and the finest horse that ever chased a buffalo was his

mount. It was Buffalo Bill's horse "Brigham," the finest and best buffalo pony that ever covered the range.

Buffaloes know no royalty but themselves, they were kings of the plains.

"Brigham" needed not the coaching or rein of king, prince or potentate to show him how to hunt buffalo. He was the companion of that buffalo king, "Butch Bill."

The Crown Prince of all the Russias bestrode the king of the prairies, and went forth conquering and to conquer. The trained buffalo horse brought him along side a buffalo and gave him a chance to put two shots into the animal, which he did, but the sense of the horse went royalty one better, and, as any trained buffalo horse will do, he turned at an abrupt angle to escape the angered beast. This was not reckoned on by the royal scion, and he was nearly unhorsed by the quick move. However, he came into camp with one leg hanging over the saddle, and the rifle somewhere on the broad prairie. But to give the Grand Duke all the credit, he killed his buffalo, and it was singled out and the head and horns preserved, and I feel sure that

it is in evidence somewhere in the royal museum of Russia today.

A confession:—

Right here, and now, I will confess that I wanted a souvenir of that hunt. I have it. From the boots I stole the spurs which he wore when he killed the buffalo, and I have them yet.

The rifle was Buffalo Bill's "Lucretia," and we found it. Buffalo Bill has it today, if he has not given it away. The horse, Old Brigham, of that further on, a chapter.

A PERILOUS TRIP.

Buffalo Bill as a Volunteer Scout—Carrying Dispatches.—A Forlorn Hope.—A Noble Horse and An Intrepid Horseman.—The Dangers of the Indian Country.—Signs and Trails.—An Army Post Saved.

I wonder if there yet lives some of the party of settlers of that frontier post, who were so near an Indian massacre. I mean those who were doomed by the hordes of Indians to torture and death, to rapine and robbery.

Word of the uprising was given by a friendly Indian to Buffalo Bill, who had just came to the post after a long and tiresome ride. He told it to the commanding officer, who at once sought means of relief, and called for volunteers to carry dispatches to another post with orders to move at once and save the little camp of settlers. Though there were soldiers and

scouts in the fort, not one cared to encounter what all knew would be certain death.

Cody had been in the saddle twenty-four hours, and his horse was dead beat out and Buffalo Bill himself did not look as if he could travel another mile.

"General," said he, "if you can't find anyone else, I will go if you will furnish me a good fresh horse."

"Billy," said the officer, "I think you've done your share, and I don't believe you could stand the ride, but if you feel equal to it and are willing to undertake the task, the best horse in the stables is at your command."

Food and coffee were provided, and Billy fell to and ate with an appetite sharpened by fasting and the sharp invigorating air of the western prairies.

He went to the stables and looking over the horses selected one which he felt he could trust. Equipped with an extra amount of ammunition and fire arms, and light but substantial food, dried buffalo meat and a slice or two of bacon, he started on his errand of life saving.

The way led him over the trackless

prairies, and as a bird flies he took his ride across the billowy sea of waving grass, to the south-west, his only guide the stars, and his native instinct, if it can so be termed.

Miles away he could see the signal fires of the various camps of Indians, and he well knew that if his ride should be successful he must be far away before the daylight gave the Indians a sight of him.

His horse was well chosen. He was all that Cody counted he would be. His gait was a long swinging lope, changing now and then to a rangy canter, but losing no time, as he widened the gap between the Indians and him, and drew closer to the soldiers whom he sought.

Not once in the whole night did he encounter a person, red or white, and it was not until early dawn as he took the rise of a hill that he was seen by the Indians. Just before him and in the direct line of his trail, a mile away, stood an Indian lookout mounted on a splendid specimen of horseflesh, and as the two stood thus and from hill to hill surveyed each other they might have been taken for equestrian statues, so still were they, and motionless.



"Like An Equestrian Statue."

Just a look. His rifle was unslung, the cinch of his saddle made more secure, his pack load thrown to the ground and all made as light for his noble animal as possible. Slowly he rode down the hill until out of sight of the sentinel, and then giving rein to his well trained prairie horse, skirt-



"An Indian Look-out."

ed the hill, and at a mad gallop far faster than had been asked of the horse, he took up his race with death. On sped the noble animal. Not a sound of broken wind; not a single miss step; not a sign of grief. The horse was a thorough western animal. He

knew what was expected of him, and as he spurned the turf of the prairie, the rein loose on the saddle, he picked his own way. No rein needed he, no spur, no urging. He was really Buffalo Bill in horseflesh. His rider sat with ease in the saddle, and from time to time, half turned, looking for the red devils which he knew must be in pursuit. He did not look in vain, for close within range a party of swift riding braves were crossing the now rolling prairie to intercept him. He watched closely till he had a good sight on the foremost, who was fully a hundred yards ahead of the others, and pulled the trigger, killing the horse and throwing the redskin to the ground. Not a step did the faithful horse lose nor once did he falter. Raising himself in the stirrup, Cody loaded and sent another ball from his old "Lucretia" as he called his rifle. This disconcerted his followers as another horse dropped, and Cody gained time. He rode in to the post just at day break, and gave the alarm.

The cavalry were out in a twinkling for those border soldiers slept ready for instant fight. The companies rode to the little settlement, and after a short but de-

cisive battle, put the Indians to flight, leaving several dead and wounded on the field, evidence of the marksmanship of those western fighters. Thus Buffalo Bill had been in the saddle on this occasion, a day and two nights, had taken part in the fight, and had pretty well earned a square meal and a good sound sleep.

This feat of horsemanship and endurance was the wonder of the plains and was talked of by all plainsmen, and finally got to the ears of the authorities at Washington. As a result, Buffalo Bill was presented by an elegant medal voted by congress for his heroic deed.

The little post was saved. Men, women and children of that border post owe their lives to a scout who was backed by bravery, endurance, and determination.

At this post, too, were a couple of English gentlemen who were over here to view the boundless west, and years afterwards, when Buffalo Bill was in England with his great show, one of these men, the late Lord Harecourt, came to him and in the gathering of the nobility personally thanked him for his brave work, and told the story to

his friends as they were gathered around him.

It was this recognition which led England's beloved Queen Victoria to personally express her thanks to Buffalo Bill, for saving a member of the royal family.

A friend of mine who witnessed this episode wrote me:

"I felt proud to see my own countryman a king among kings, and towering head and shoulders above royalty—a man and an American."



BUFFALO BILL II.
The Colonel's Grandson.

BUFFALO BILL II.

A Chip of the Old Block.—The Grandson of Buffalo Bill Follows in the Footsteps of His Illustrious Grandsire.—A Boy of Nerve.—A Terrific Fight with a Wild Boar.—The Hunting Knife.—A Faithful Dog.—A Mountain Guide.

Cody Boal, the son of Col. Cody's eldest daughter Arta, has born in him the spirit of adventure. He would rather take his rifle and dog and trail big game than own a store or a bank. The call of the wild is in his veins, and as I write this the young westerner is one of the most reliable Rocky mountain guides. He has a string of hunting horses and pack mules, and is eagerly engaged by hunting parties from the east.

Like his grand sire, he is a crack shot, and seldom fails to bring down the game he goes after. At one time, however, a short time ago, he had a terrific knife combat with a wild boar in the Catalina mountains. With his favorite hunting dog he

was out in quest of game, when the dog saw and attacked a wild boar. To look at a pig, an ordinary pig, you would not accuse it of being a game animal or a fighter, but take a boar in the wild state, he is aggressive and dangerous. His jaws are as powerful as a vise, and his sharp tusks are points of danger.

The dog a specimen of fine hunting dog, nery and aggressive as a trained bull dog, but without the strength of a boar hound or bulldog. He tackled the boar, however, and so mixed up were they and so swift their movements, that the boy feared to trust to his rifle for fear of killing his favorite. Throwing aside his gun he drew his hunting knife and after a short but interesting struggle succeeded in cutting the animal's throat, though not before he had received some pretty bad gashes himself.

Taking his dog, the pair of wounded partners hobbled into camp, a sorry but victorious pair.

To those of our boy scouts who love a faithful dog, I will say that the dog was given the best of care and is now as I write this, the constant companion of his young master.

A TRAPPER.

Billy Starts Out as a Trapper and Hunter of Big Game.—An Accident.—A Broken Leg.—Falls into the Hands of Indians.—Saved by Chief Rain-in-the-Face.—Starvation in a Dug-out.

Though still what we would call a kid, Billy started with a companion, Dan Harrington, went out on a hunting and trapping expedition along the Republican river in Kansas, taking a yoke of oxen and wagon of supplies. They had excellent luck with beavers, and were getting along fine, until one of their oxen broke its leg, and had to be shot. This left them crippled. Added to this Billy broke his leg while stalking elk, slipping on an icy ledge, and falling to the creek below. This rather took the tuck out of little Billy, and he begged Harrington to shoot him, and put him out of his misery. Harrington, however, bandaged up the broken leg, as best

he could, and fixing Billy up as comfortable as possible started for the nearest settlement about 125 miles away, to get a yoke of cattle and return for Billy. With the best of luck it would take at least 20 days. That was a long time to leave a boy alone in a dug-out with broken leg. But there was no other way out of it. Before leaving he gathered plenty of wood, and provisions were there. So he bade Billy good-bye and started on his long walk. As Billy told of it afterward, it was a long, tiresome wait. On the twelfth day after Harrington left, Billy was awakened by some one touching him on the shoulder. He looked up and saw an Indian in full war paint standing by his side. He spoke in broken English and Sioux, and asked Billy what he was doing there, and how many were with him.

"I told them," said Billy, for by this time the dugout was filled with Indians.

Says Billy, telling about it, and I use his language as follows:

"Then an old Indian came up to me, and I recognized Chief Rain-in-the-Face," of the Sioux, whom I had visited at his lodge near Ft. Larmie. I showed him my

broken leg, and asked him if they were going to kill me."

"That is what they intend to do," said the chief, "but I will see what they say about it."

"The old chief had a talk with his braves, and they concluded to spare the life of the 'papoose' but they took my gun and revolver, and most of my food, but they were good enough to give me some after it was cooked."

However, to make a long story short, they went away leaving Billy alone again, and it was a long tedious painful wait. Snow had fallen and wolves howled and scratched at the door of the dug-out, and Billy was alone there and without arms of any kind to protect him should they enter.

On the twenty-ninth day, Billy was made glad by the voice of Harrington as he yelled whoa-haw, to his oxen. Billy says he simply put his arms around Dave's neck and hugged him, so glad was he to see his faithful friend. In a few days the furs were loaded into the wagon, and the comrades took their slow way to the settlement, Billy riding on a bed of fur which to-day would be worth several thousand dollars.

They sold their wagon and furs at Junction City, and went with a government mule train to Leavenworth, where at Cody's home, Dave was made a welcome guest.

Now, you boy Scouts, this is just a chapter in the life of a boy like yourself, who had nerve and endurance. How many of you would relish **a similar experience?**

PONY EXPRESS.

The First "Fast Mail" Across the Plains.—
Fleet Horses and Brave Riders.—Billy a Rider
of the First Attempt.

In the early days there was no way to get letters across the plains. No telegraph lines, nothing but stage coaches. A pony express was conceived. With stations so many miles apart, and changes of horses for the riders. The express riders were selected for their light weight, and their reliability. Billy Cody was one of the first, and mounted on fleet horses he traveled in this service many thousands of miles during his career as pony express rider, and most of the time through the hostile Indian country. The driver of the slow going stage would sight the rider, and call out to his passengers: "Here comes the pony express—there he goes," as the intrepid rider dashed past the stage at full run. Many

times Billy was attacked by Indians, but his fleet horse, and now and then a well directed shot, baffled his pursuers.

Once, however, he came to the end of his ride with two Indian arrows sticking in him, one of which had pierced his flesh, but as luck would have it, the wound was not serious, and he made his return trip the next day.

I cannot give in detail the many escapes and combats the boy rider had, but, the company speak of him as their finest, swiftest and most reliable rider—one who never missed his time or lost a mail bag, and that means a great deal.

Pony Bob, another express rider, was on the line with Billy, and the two were warm friends. Years after, when Billy was Col. Cody, he secured a good position in the east for his friend Pony Bob, and when the old veteran of the plains crossed the great divide, the Colonel, with his big heart, provided for his widow and she in her old age is being taken care of to-day in her little home in Chicago by the Old Scout.

WILD BILL.

A Friend of "The Boy Scout."—He Takes Billy's Part When Billy Was Assaulted by a Big Bully.—The Starting of a Life Long Friendship.

Wild Bill, or James B. Hickok, his real name, was an ideal plainsman. He stood about six feet one inch, carrying not an ounce of superfluous flesh. He was athletic, sinewy and as brave a man as ever bestrode a horse. He was not a quarrelsome man. He was a dead shot, though never presumed on this accomplishment. He has killed men, but never in any other spirit than the laws of the plains would justify. He never bluffed. If he pulled his gun, a man was killed. They all knew it, and so a word from him settled many a quarrel among teamsters.

One day, a burly teamster in Simpson's train slapped Billy Cody, a mere boy, in the face. Though but a child about 11 or 12

years old, Billy jumped to his feet and dashed a camp kettle of boiling coffee over him. The burly ruffian started for Billy in a rage, but Wild Bill promptly knocked him down. As soon as he recovered he asked Wild Bill what business it was of his. "Its my business to protect that boy, or anybody else who is beng abused by an over-sized brute like you, and I'll lick any man who lays a hand on little Billy."

From this trip the two became fast friends, and in years afterward it came Billy's way to pay back the favor in various ways. Wild Bill was always a welcome visitor at the Cody homestead, and the friendship then formed was fast and true till the death of Wild Bill, many years after the civil war, when he was shot in the back by a cowardly cur named McCall, who, it pleases me to state, died at the end of a rope.

THE NAME "BUFFALO BILL."

He Wears the Spurs Who Wins Them.—The Name "Buffalo Bill" Contested.—It is Settled in the Open Field.—It Lay Between Two Warm Friends, Billy Cody and Billy Comstock.—Cody Wins in the Buffalo Hunt, and the Friends Shake Hands and Were Friends to the Last, Till Billy Comstock Crossed the Great Divide.

There are many people who wonder why Col. Cody bears the name Buffalo Bill. He was recognized as one of the best buffalo hunters on the great plains, and for a season supplied meat for a large camp of laborers on the western bound railroad. He took the contract and made good, though often at the risk of his scalp. The boarding contractors were the Goddard Brothers, and it was while in their employ that he was first called Buffalo Bill.

Billy Comstock also a great buffalo hunter, contested the name with Cody, and although both men were fast friends and

brave scouts, but one could wear the name, and be hailed the champion.

To settle the question of who should be the champion buffalo hunter, a match was arranged between the two Bills, at a point about twenty miles east of Sheridan. It was noised abroad and quite a large number of spectators were on hand to witness the match. An excursion party from St. Louis, included many people of prominence in both army and civic circles, and among them, Cody's young wife and baby girl, Arta, who for the first time beheld her husband in action.

A referee was appointed for each hunter to keep tally on the buffalos killed, and these followed the hunters.

The first run was on good ground with a fair bunch of buffalo, and Cody, mounted on his favorite horse Brigham, rode into the herd, and with his rifle, "Lucretia," did splendid work, coming out with a record of 38 buffalo to Comstock's 23. On the next run, which occurred shortly after, the contestants again dashed into the herd with the following result: Cody, 18; Comstock, 14. This was the place for a rest,

and a lunch was spread at which sat all the lady and gentlemen spectators.

On the next run which took place a short time after dinner, Cody told them he would ride his horse without saddle or bridle. He knew his faithful old Brigham, as the prince of buffalo horses, and despite the warning and protestations of the spectators, leaped on his "naked" horse and rode for an approaching herd, this record for Cody was 13, the last one of which he brought close to the group of spectators and dropped the prairie king almost at their feet.

The day's run footed up 69 for Cody and 46 for Comstock.

Billy Comstock approached Cody, and, shaking his hand, he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, my friend Billy Cody is "Buffalo Bill."

He earned the title he bears.

* * * * *

Just a word about Billy Comstock:

Billy Comstock was afterwards murdered by a treacherous band of Indians. With a companion, Sharp Grover, he visited a village of Indians who were supposed to be peaceable near Big Spring station in west-

en Kansas, and after spending some time with them in friendly conversation, took their departure. Before they had gone half a mile they were overtaken by the Indians and Comstock was killed and scalped. Grover escaped, however, though seriously wounded. Billy had a white handled revolver which took the eye of the Indians, and it is believed this is what they wanted.

When Cody heard of the death of his friend, he said, "Billy was as good a scout as ever crossed the plains, and he was big hearted and true. I shall cut many a notch in my rifle to avenge his death."

And he did.

"BRIGHAM."

Buffalo Bill's Favorite Horse.—An Animal With the Instincts of the Horse, the Affections of a Lover and the Reasoning Powers of a Philosopher.—Level Headed, Fleet of Foot, and True as Steel.

Sometimes I wonder if horses do not have souls. To the plainsman a faithful horse is a rare jewel. He will part with his coat, his property, his valuables, all save his equine partner.

Between the plainsman and his horses there springs up a friendship and fidelity to be compared only with the affection of a faithful dog.

Such a horse was the faithful Brigham. He was a rare specimen of horseflesh. He combined all the traits most sought for in a saddle horse. His gait was perfect, his muscles firm, his wind good, and more than any horse I ever knew, he was equal to long distance journeys. Added to this, he

had brains, and a keen scent, a perfect "long distance sight," like his rider. Many people have commented on Buffalo Bill's "telescopic eyes." Well, his horse had the same.

Brigham would not be selected for a winner at a beauty show. He was not one of those curved neck beauties who travel with an up and down gait, all day in a peek measure. He was a rangy animal, and his well shaped head was carried on a level with the saddle, But lord, how that horse could go! How his horse instinct told his master the presence of the enemy! How he displayed his power of reason and good sound judgment by keeping still when in the neighborhood of other horses, when their first impulse is to whinny!

There are a whole lot of human beings who don't know when to keep still.

Brigham was not beautiful.

Neither was Abraham Lincoln.

But both had the wisdom of their race.

Brigham made more long journeys in the enemy's country than any other known horse. He more than once saved his rider by his "horse sense," and his rider had the "horse sense" to be governed by the

opinion of his "four-footed friend and partner."

Brigham was the best buffalo horse on the plains. It was "Old Brigham" who carried the "Grand Duke Alexis of Russia to victory when he killed his first buffalo.

It was Brigham who, among a bunch of high priced thoroughbreds, won the five mile race from the race track to Wyandotte.

Brigham was not much to look at, but with his easy long stride he passed the track horses, and made their pedigrees look small indeed, compared with this king of the western wilds.

When Brigham got too old for active services, he was transferred by Col. Cody to his friend, Mr. Wilcox of Memphis, Tennessee, where he had a good easy time until he crossed the great divide, and now rests beneath a stone marked

"Brigham."



Bruce and Walter Beardsly, Two Live Wire Scouts, "The Old Scout"
and the Writer.

A COUPLE OF BOY SCOUTS.

Boys of Elkhart, Indiana, Who at Tender Ages
Are Great Travelers, and were Buffalo Bill's
Companions on Train.

Accompanying this we give a snap shot taken at the Clinton, Iowa, depot of the C. & N. W. Railway. The Pullman shuts out the view of the magnificent structure—the Northwestern depot at Clinton, Iowa, of which so much has been written and sung.

The parties in the picture are Col. W. F. Cody, D. H. Winget, the writer of this, and the boy scouts, Bruce and Walter Beardsley, of Elkhart, Indiana, who had captured the Colonel on the train and had been pleasant traveling companions en route from a western trip to their home in Indiana.

The Colonel is a great lover of boys, and took a great interest in this pair of live wires. We are indebted to Major Beardsley their father, for the picture from which the cut was made.

CODY IN CIVIC ACTION.

How He Handles Commercial Clubs.—The Way To Do Things.—Do them and Don't Talk About Them.

A short time ago, (year 1912), Col. Cody was in a town where he had real estate interests. The commercial club, composed of the leading citizens, had been meeting from time to time discussing the problem of waterworks. Resolutions were passed, committees appointed to raise the money, and other business drawn on paper. That was all. All talk. All resolutions.

While the Colonel was on his vacation, he was in this city. A meeting of the club was held, and the same routine of talk and resolutions, was the order of the evening. The committees reported progress, etc.

How much money have you raised," asked the Colonel.

"None, so far," was the reply, "We

hoped you would show us the way out of it," said one member.

This particular meeting was held in Col. Cody's rooms at his hotel.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "you are all property owners in this little city. So am I. You all want your property to increase in value. So do I. Now, I'll show you how it can be done." And he stepped to the door and locked it.

"Now gentlemen," said he, as he seated himself at the table. "Here's my check for a thousand dollars, and I shall expect every man here to turn over to the secretary his check for a like amount before he leaves the room, for you can all afford it. Your property interests are as large or larger than mine. So gentlemen go to it, and we'll have the waterworks. Its the only way to do things. Do them first and then pass resolutions. You can't raise anything until you first dig. Now, gentlemen, dig, and plant your money and give it a chance to grow."

The men laughed at the novel talk of the Colonel, but, as he backed his opinion with money, they fell in line and did the same, and as I write, work—real work—is being

done on an up-to-date waterworks system for this thriving little city of the Northwest.

* * * * *

Another town in which Col. Cody has interests wanted a beet sugar factory. The towns people could not land it. While the Colonel was there on a visit the proposition was put before him. He at once got in correspondence with a large manufacturing firm in the beet sugar industry. They promised him if he would guarantee the output of 5000 acres of sugar beets, they would put in a factory. The day after receiving this letter, he in company with another citizen of the town mounted their horses and went on a tour among the farming people of the district, and in two days returned with signed contracts for 12,000 acres.

The factory is being built, and as the town is on the line of the Burlington route, it means ready market and good shipping facilities.

These two sketches only show what one man can do if he starts something and leads it. The world is full of followers, but leaders are few.

LE CLAIRE.

Birth Place of Buffalo Bill, and of President Brown of the Vanderbilt System, and the Home of the Celebrated "Le Claire Elm," Said to be the Most Perfect and symmetrical Tree in the United States.

If the modest little town of LeClaire, Iowa, on the banks of the Mississippi never takes on a boom and gets into the limelight in the commercial world, she still has her place on the map, as the birth place of Buffalo Bill, and is the town where Hon. W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad was born. Both these boys have grown to manhood, and preserved the same hardy undaunted spirit of their pioneer ancestors.

They were both born poor boys and started in life without a pull, and by their own unaided efforts have carved out their own way to fortune and to fame.

Mr. Brown taught the efete east how to

do things. He pioneered or pushed into the maizes of big business, and became a great Captain of industry. With him it was not a leap to the top of the ladder. He did not bound to the driver's seat and take the reins of that mighty business. It was his motto to work. There was no job too small for him to start on, and with every job he got he learned a higher lesson in the school of life.

Mr. Brown was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but what is far better, he had the good red bounding blood of the west—the blood of pioneers, of a father and mother who looked the setting sun in the face and dared to follow its call to the new country beyond the Mississippi.

Here they settled and here they reared their humble western shack, and with other pioneers, did their share towards the reclamation of the west from its savage nature.

Here on the banks of the Mississippi, a future captain of industry first saw the light. Right in the little settlement of Le Claire, washed on the east by the swift running Father of Waters, and backed by the rounding timbered hills which line its

banks, he was a boy, who from childhood up, lived with a purpose. Step by step he accomplished things, at first the work or play of childhood, and as he surmounted one obstacle, reached out for the next to conquer. His school days were passed in the primitive western school. A slab of lumber for a seat, and the simplest surroundings, withstanding the lure of the fishing rod, or the seductive call of Bob White, till after school hours.

Like Billy Cody, he was a born leader, and while Cody in his conquering went to the further western wilds, Billy Brown found that the east needed a conqueror in certain lines, and true to his native born principles went after it.

If the great president of railroads reads this, sketched in primitive style, just 16 miles from his birth place, he may smile and poof-poof. Then, he will light another of those big cigars and as he lies back in the easy chair in his sumptuous apartments in New York City, the smoke in its convolutions will form memory pictures. It will take him back to LeClaire, it will paint for him pictures possible to no other artist, faces long forgotten will appear, he

will call names he has not spoken for years.

See that barefoot boy going past with the fishing rod, the cows coming home, the tinkle of the cow bell just up on the hill. The boys gathering place under the spreading elm. Billy, the elm is all that is left of the old crowd, save one or two people who have grown gray as the elm has grown green, but many of our old friends are there still. Yes, still. Their voices have long been hushed and a stone marks their resting place.

Little old LeClaire still holds out a welcome for her two Billys—one who wandered west and one who wandered east.

Ain't ye comin' home, boys?"

THE PIPE OF PEACE.

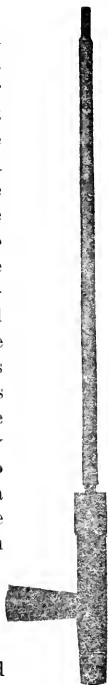
How It is Made.—What is Necessary For Its Component Parts.—Who Shall Make it, and Why.—As War and Death Precedes Peace, so Must These both Be Embodied in the Pipe of Peace.—It Must be Wrought by a Loyal Maiden of the Tribe.—When It Passes From the Chief, It is a Pledge of Life Long Friendship.—A Symbol of "You Are My Brother."—Buffalo Bill Says, "Let's Be Indians."—What It Means to the Writer.

Few and far between are the genuine Peace Pipes. Many to-day are sold as souvenirs by unscrupulous Indian traders, but they are the handiwork of the white man. If all the alleged Peace Pipes in the curio market to-day, or bought by ignorant souvenir collectors were genuine, they would represent the death of many a human being red or white.

A genuine Peace Pipe.

A genuine Peace Pipe must have a history—a pre-natal history. Before it was

fashioned into a Pipe of Peace, it must have been in part an instrument of war—of death. The long, harmless looking hickory stem must have at one time been a bow in the hands of an Indian brave, and of the tribe for which the Peace Pipe is designed. It must have sent a death dealing arrow to the heart of an enemy. The bow thus honored is placed into the hands of an Indian girl—unmarried, and preferably the daughter of a chief. To her is intrusted the honor, (for it is so regarded) of making the tribal Peace Pipe. The hickory is burned through from end to end for the stem. This is a delicate and slow process. The bow is cut to the proper length and polished—not with sand paper, but by scraping and buffing with buffalo hide until it is smooth as agate. The bowl is deftly moulded and hewn from pipe clay, found



in the hills and water courses of the mountains. It is brought to a high polish by constant rubbing with buffalo skin. All is hand work, and the work only of the chieftain's unmarried daughter.

The tobacco pouch is a bag made of buffalo skin tanned by the Indian maiden, the buffalo having been killed by a young buck of the tribe.

It is profusely decorated with beads fashioned in the pattern best known to that particular tribe. The tribal Peace Pipe is one of the most valuable treasures of the Indian. It represents the honor and esteem of his tribe and woven into its manufacture it tells the love of his daughter or the loyalty and esteem of an Indian maiden.



It is the type of friendship. Its language is the death of enemies and the survival of friends. The bestowal of a Peace Pipe means a pledge of friendship, and rarely during the life of a chief does the Peace Pipe change hands. It means much.

Many years ago, a Peace Pipe changed hands, and perhaps this is the only time in history where an Indian has given it to a white man.

As I write these lines I am smoking that historical pipe. I am all alone, but as I follow the convolutions of smoke, I see fashioned faces of long ago. I see the wigwams of the red men, as they dot the prairie, I see herds of their ponies, grazing here and there in bunches, far far beyond where prairie and sky meet, I see a bounding herd of buffalo, bound for a water course, around me the soft wind billows the tall prairie grass, and chants the vesper song to the Great Spirit. Here again is the face of Mi-lo-Ka-ha, the daughter of the chief, her long raven locks reaching far below her beaded belt, caught back by a thong or band of deer skin beaded and colored with the crimson juice of the red plant known to us as Indian paint. The

smoke wreath forms other shapes and out of the cloud looks down on me the face of my friend "Pahaska." Yes in these wreaths of smoke—dream smoke, I find my friend Buffalo Bill.

It is the spirit of the gift. It is the procession of those who have had to do with this Pipe of Peace. Now the smoke wreaths are joined; they form another face—a body—a stalwart chief, though aged as we count years, lithe straight, sinewy, but with a kindly face. I note the smile of the great Red Cloud. The friend of Buffalo Bill.

I have told before what the transfer of a Peace Pipe means. It is to his best friend, the great chieftain gave this pipe, and to "Pahaska," Buffalo Bill, it was given—a lasting treaty of peace between the two. The grand old chief did not live long after, but it was his satisfaction to have remembered his white friend and ally before he passed to the happy hunting ground and the death song was chanted by his tribe.

How did I get it?

Listen.

At 10 o'clock August 4, 1911, when Buffalo Bill was in our city with his great show

on his farewell tour, he came to my office and sat at my desk just where I am sitting as I write this.

His eye was as clear and piercing as in the halcyon days of yore when we were boy pards. His hand as steady, as when he pulled the trigger for a shot which told.

"Pard," said he, "We're getting pretty well along in years. We have lived in times when history was made. Where the boys of the west rode at will on their ponies, big farms and wire fences have found place, and the long dreary cattle trails to the setting sun have given way to the bands of steel and the iron horses. Well pard, we have the satisfaction that we were there first. But we're getting old—we must soon cross the great divide.

"You know the meaning of the Peace Pipe. You know how much it indicates when given to a friend. You realize its full meaning? Of course you do.

"We have been 'pards' for over half a century, we have never lessened our friendship. It is as warm to-day as then. Time or distance has not dimmed it. And now pard," said he as he unrolled a paper.

"Lets be Indians."

And he handed me the Peace Pipe, and tobacco pouch.

* * * * *

Time may use me rough, I may even be hungry, but so long as I live I will retain that memento of my friend, which in the language and legend of our red brother means so much.

At my death it shall pass with all its aboriginal meaning to a friend whom I shall call here, Al, who selected from the world at large is the one to receive it from me.

“AND A PROTESTANT, TOO!”

Billy Helps Little Matt Malone Out of a Scrape
And Rescues His Rosary From the Tough
Gang.

Little Matt. Malone, one of our neighbor boys of Irish extraction was set upon by a gang of levee roughs, who not only abused the little fellow, but took from him his “beads” as they called it, but it was his rosary and highly prized by him.

Billy went in and licked the bully, and rescued little Matt.

“The dirty divil has me rosary.” said Matt.

“What’s a rosary?” said Billy.

We told Billy what it was and he went to the bully and made him hand over “that string of beads, and do it quick, too.” The bully, now recovered from the last punch Billy gave him, showed signs of fight, and Billy recognizing the sign, went at him and

gave him such a licking as he remembers to-day, if he still lives. He got the "beads" and though they were broken in the struggle, and the crucifix separated from the rest, he returned them to poor little Matt.

His mother telling of the affray to the neighbors and Sisters of Charity, spoke very highly of Billy, and at the end of each sentence she said: "And a Protestant Eye, too! Think of that."

As I look back at it, I have to laugh as I recall Billy's words as he punched the bully.

"Gimme that picture of Jesus, gimme that picture of Jesus."

This he repeated as he punched the bully, until it was finally handed him, and Billy returned the little metal image of the Saviour to little Matt.

Billy was not quarrelsome, and I never knew him to get into a mixup on his own account. He was at all times ready to take up the wrong of somebody else, and as a rule all his little fracasés were ready made for him, and he jumped into it and cleaned it up.

Bravery is not confined alone to killing Indians, to taking up the fights of other

boys, or to fighting in general, but it reaches farther and deeper than all these.

It means to defend the right as God gives you to see the right. It means for boy scouts or men scouts who profess to be brave, to ally their forces with the right, to take the part of the poor and weak in all cases, as for instance the nature of the "Old Scout" in private life. Let us see how this figures out:

The deadly bow and poisoned arrow are of the past. The bow string is broken; the arrows repose in their quiver as they hang on the wall of the lodge. The rifle no longer responds to the deadly aim and unerring trigger of the Indian fighter. The buffalo no longer roams the prairie. The trackless plains have been grid ironed by the steel pathway of the avenues of commerce. Our country has been captured from savagery and has succumbed to civilization.

But still there's room for bravery, chivalry and scouting. Has the "Old Scout" lost his nature? Has he ceased to take up the fights and right the wrongs of the oppressed?

In his everyday life he sees oportuni-

ties to help the poor and take up the cause of the under dog in the battle of life.

See him in the arena, placing history before you. See him in action in the mimic warfare of the Wild West. See him as he proudly rides at the head of the rough riders of the world and introduces to you the Congress of Rough Riders.

But behind the scenes. He is a busy man. In his tent while the big show is going on, he is answering telegrams, letters, etc., and keeping in touch with his private work all over the country. Here is a letter authorizing his bank in this or that city to see that old Mr.— a veteran of the plains has the comforts of life. Here goes his draft out to the widow of Pony Bob in Chicago, to ease her declining years. Here a letter of good cheer to this or that friend in an isolated village away in the west, the south or east. Here a donation for charity to be handled by friends whom he knows he can trust. Here a letter to a Commercial Club, in this or that city where he has interests, and all, yes all, are written in a spirit of chivalry in many instances backed by the weapon of cash, to drive the wolf from the door, or bolster up an un-

fortunate friend who's "pulling hard against the stream."

If Buffalo Bill dies a poor man, it will not be for the reason that he has not made money, but because of the open hand of generous charity which has characterized his life from boyhood.

Many times in our boyhood has Billy led the "clan" around with saws and axes to the home of this or that poor old couple or widow, to get in their winter wood. Many a time have we made war on the timber and hauled to the homes of these unfortunate, cords of wood. And all this suggested by Billy, who as our recognized leader never said "go and do" this or that, but "Let us go and do it."

An old lady lay sick. She was poor. Billy took up her case, and in school told all about her misfortune. He grew interested in his talk and, while I've heard him try to speak "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," he never spoke so well, nor so eloquently as when he was telling the story of that poor old Irish lady.

"Mr. Quantrell," said he, for it was the Quantrell who afterwards became the notorious outlaw who led the massacre at

Lawrence, Kansas, who was our teacher.
"Mr. Quantrell, may I pass the hat?"

"Certainly Billy," said he, "and here's a dollar to start you off."

Billy took his hat, went down into his own pocket first, and when our teacher put in his dollar it struck another piece of coin. The hat was passed, and the dimes and quarters showed a goodly spirit in the school children (there were no pennies there).

Again the same spirit of chivalry came to the front when he started a contribution for a poor woman and her children out in a mining camp, a reference to which is made in the little verse on pages 119 to 128 in this book.

But these are only a few of many cases. As I say, if Buffalo Bill dies a poor man, it is because he delighted in the game of "Help your neighbor" and I am not so sure but that he will even in this life realize the full meaning of the verse in our Saviour's teaching, "He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

Boys, can you be the same kind of true blue "Cody Scouts"?

ANOTHER "BILLY."

William C. Brown, President of the New York Central Lines An Iowa Boy, From the Village of Buffalo Bill's Nativity and the Home of the "Green Tree."—A Story of What An Iowa Boy Did and What Our Boys Should Strive For.

A few pages back we have alluded briefly to another LeClaire, Iowa, boy, from the town of Billy Cody. This man, too, was at that time "Billy." Since the pages I speak of were printed, I have fortunately been able to gather facts about this Iowa boy, captain of industry. Feeling it too good a lesson to lose, I present it to our boy scout readers.

It is a long, hard climb from section hand on a railroad to the most responsible positions on one of the greatest railroad systems in this or any other country, but

an Iowa boy has mounted every rung in the ladder.

Mr. William C. Brown is a living example of the eternal fact that there is no boy anywhere who is so poor and so lacking in ready-made opportunity that he cannot climb to the top. It was a hard fight and a long one, but he stuck to it unswervingly and finally achieved success. The story of his rise reads like a romance, and should be a lesson and an inspiration to every boy scout today.

Born in Herkimer County, New York, on July 29th, 1853, he came to Iowa at the age of three years, when his father, a Baptist minister, sent out by the Home Missionary Society, continued a noble, self-sacrificing service of more than forty years among struggling churches of that state.

In 1869, when sixteen years of age, he entered the service of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul as a section hand; and the work required of a section hand at that time was a good deal harder than it is today, especially the work of heaving cordwood onto a locomotive tender, euphonistically called "wooding engines," to which he was at first assigned.

During his spare time and in the evening, young Brown helped the station agent with odd jobs, practiced on the telegraph instrument, making himself generally useful and picking up every scrap of information concerning the business upon which he had entered, so that in another year he had become a proficient telegraph operator. Within half-a-dozen years he had risen to the position of Train Dispatcher on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

An occurrence, while he occupied this position at Burlington, Iowa, throws a strong side-light on his character; and the story, as told many years afterward, by Mr. T. J. Potter, when he was Vice-President of the Union Pacific, in a way condenses Mr. Brown's entire railroad history and reveals the underlying reason for his successful career.

Before going to the Union Pacific, Mr. Potter was for many years General Manager of the Burlington System, in which Mr. Brown was working his way to the top.

"I'll bet," said Mr. Potter, one day in Chicago, "Brown doesn't know what first attracted my attention to him, and gave his real start to preferment in the Burling-



W. C. BROWN

President of the New York Central R. R

ton company. It was a very little thing in a way. Along in the winter of 1877-78, we had a succession of fierce snowstorms, blockades, and all sorts of trouble. One Sunday night there was a particularly heavy storm, and as the wind whistled about the house and the snow beat against the windows it wakened me, and I slept very little from that time until it was time to get up in the morning, thinking of the probable conditions of things on the road. I went to the office unusually early, and just as I reached the office door I saw Jerry Hosford, then superintendent of stock yards, wading through the snow, coming up from the direction of the river. He had evidently come across the ice from the stock yards at East Burlington.

"I noticed a young fellow trudging in the snow beside Hosford, who bade him 'good morning' just before he reached the office door, and started up the street.

"After inquiring of Hosford in regard to conditions during the night, and being informed that three or four hundred car-loads of stock were comfortably housed in the pens and sheds at East Burlington, I

said to him, 'Who was that young fellow who came over with you?'

" 'His name is Brown,' said Hosford, 'he's one of the train despatchers. His trick is from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight; but when he was relieved last night the storm was at its worst, and it seemed doubtful if we were going to be able to get the stock through and unloaded at the yards; so instead of going home and going to bed when his regular work ended, he volunteered to help me about my work, and I don't know how I'd have got along without him.'

"I made a note of Brown, right then and there," said Mr. Potter, "for that, I thought, was the kind of man it was to the company's interest to push along. But he didn't want pushing. All Brown ever wanted was a chance. He furnished the motive power himself."

In 1880 Mr. Brown was a chief despatcher; another year and he was train-master and three years later he was superintendent

During the famous strike of '88, as superintendent of the Iowa Lines, Mr. Brown was in the thick of the fight; and near the close of that eventful struggle, when a

mail train was abandoned at Burlington, Iowa, he was on the ground ready to solve the problem. Another train, running in the opposite direction had been abandoned at Galesburg, Illinois. The predicament was puzzling and staring him in the face were the mails, with the consequent forfeits for delay, to say nothing of the passengers and an acknowledged victory for the strikers.

"I'll take her through if you'll go with me, Jack," said superintendent Brown to his trainmaster.

No sooner had the words been spoken than he was in the right side of the cab. That run has gone down in the history of the road as a "Corker."

Arriving at Galesburg, Brown took the engineer's seat in the other mail train and brought the second one to Burlington. Where were the strikers? They were everywhere in evidence; but the superintendent was not interfered with,—the strikers liked him, for he was always a square man.

In 1890, Mr. Brown became General Manager of the Burlington lines in Missouri with headquarters in St. Joseph, Missouri. It was here that he had the exper-

ience which gives him the unique distinction of being the only railroad official in the east who ever trapped a band of train robbers in the west.

In the autumn of 1892, in addition to his duties as General Manager of the Missouri lines, Mr. Brown was also vice-president of the Missouri Valley Fair Association which annually drew large crowds from the adjacent counties of three states to see its exhibits.

The "big day" of the fair in that year was the greatest in the history of the Association and the receipts exceeded all others.

At that time scattered bands of mounted robbers still infested the Missouri and Kansas borders, made up of remnants of the "bush-whackers" and "jayhawkers" which were the outgrowth of the Civil War.

A plan by one of these organizations, to ride down upon the "gate money" of the fair, came to the knowledge of Mr. Brown who with the treasurer had the treasury box hurriedly removed to the bank in the city, so that the scheme was neatly foiled. Defeated in this, the band entered upon a campaign of waylaying and plundering railroad trains in that section.

A short time afterward, while the Sunday evening church bells were ringing over the city, two rough looking strangers knocked on the side door of the Brown residence. Mr. Brown, answering the knock himself, was met with the unusual question of whether he was alone, but nevertheless invited the visitors to come in. The suspicious circumstances of the visit were further heightened by the leader asking Mr. Brown to lower the curtains of the window as they might have been followed and they did not wish to be seen there.

The spokesman then informed Mr. Brown that his most important express train, known as "No. 3," would be held up that very night at a lonely and heavily wooded point, known locally by railroad men as "Roy's Branch," only a short distance from the city. He added that a few nights before the gang had intended to hold up the same train and loot the express car at that identical spot, but were frustrated. This was because No. 17, which usually left St. Joseph ahead of No. 3, being late that evening was preceeded by No. 3, and they did not discover this until No. 3 had passed the spot.

Mr. Brown tried to persuade them to give up their part in the enterprise; but they refused, stating they were so far committed to it that their lives would be forfeited if the band suspected them of having "weakened," and they then departed.

While the circumstances connected with this visit and the story as related were of a highly suspicious nature, there remained but one hour until No. 3 was due to depart from the Union Station. Mr. Brown, with the quick decision and energy which has always been his chief characteristic, marking him as a leader in any emergency, immediately called up Sheriff "Charlie" Carsson, Chief of Police John Broder, who was an ex-Confederate soldier with a war record and Superintendent "Mike" Hohl, and asked them to meet in his office.

While thus telephoning, the wires became crossed and he heard a strange voice calling the dispatcher and ask: "Will No. 17 be ahead of No. 3 tonight"; and, as he ascertained from the operator that the call was made from a drug store in a remote part of the city, the occurrence strongly emphasized the story which he had heard only a few minutes before of the failure of

a previous attempt to hold up this train.

To have sent No. 3 out on its regular schedule would have imperiled the lives of many passengers, for a fight was surely in prospect. For this reason General Manager Brown issued the following order: "Hold No. 3 at the Union Station until further orders. Make up 'dummy' to go out on No. 3's time."

This order was quickly and quietly executed. The dummy train consisting of an engine, an express car, a smoking car and two Pullman cars, was assembled, two empty piano boxes were placed in the express car and in them a number of deputy sheriffs were concealed. The dummy train, with General Manager Brown in personal charge, departed from the Union Station on schedule time, while No. 3 was held until the fate of the expedition had been determined.

Up along the river, past Dug Hill, around Black Snake Bluffs, sped the train; and, as the head light illuminated the thickets of Roy's Branch, a red lantern swung across the track. The train stopped, bandits "covered" the engineer and fireman and ordered the opening of the express car

under threat of blowing it open with dynamite. But instead of finding the plunder which they had expected, they were given a surprise in the form of a short but decisive fight by the officers of the law concealed within the piano boxes and scattered at vantage points about the train. The action was conclusive. Two robbers were killed, two were captured and a fifth was so badly wounded that he was captured the next day.

The "haul" was so large and important that the news traveled the world over. By that night's work, Mr. Brown eliminated a dangerous gang of train robbers and bold highwaymen which had infested that section of the country, thereby rendering railway travel, not only in Missouri but throughout the west, safer for all future time.

In January, 1896, Mr. Brown became General Manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad with headquarters at Chicago; and left that company in February, 1902, to become Vice-President and General Manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway. Following that he was successively Vice-President,

and in February, 1909, became President of the New York Central Lines, so that now he occupies that most responsible position at the head of a system of railroads extending 12,270 miles in length through nine states and with an army of employes numbering 160,000.

This brief outline indicates the successive steps in Mr. Brown's remarkable rise and furnishes an object lesson to every aspiring youth, no matter how humble his beginning may be or hard his path appears to be beset by adverse circumstances. But to benefit from his example, sight must not be lost of the principles which made his success possible.

Mr. Brown can hardly be called an idealist, especially in the sense of being a dreamer, and least of all a visionary. He believes in working until one's opportunity arrives and then promptly and vigorously seizing hold of it, as opposed to selecting a high ideal—a distant vision—and continually striving after it to the neglect of the work at hand.

This practice marked him as the man to be depended upon under all circumstances and on innumerable occasions character-

ized him as the man "on the spot."

When recently asked what he considered the most important factor in his advancement, Mr. Brown made the following characteristic reply:

"Just sticking at it," he said, "and making a business of my business, filling every job I got as well as I knew how. I think that under present conditions, and perhaps under any conditions, it is more or less of a mistake to preach to young men that they should fix for themselves a specific goal, and strive toward it, keep it eternally in sight, and never let anything distract their attention from it. If a fellow sets out with that idea he is apt to become an office politician, and he wastes more time figuring how he is going to get the step over somebody else than he expends in attending to the business in hand.

"The thing is to bend every energy in him to doing today, as well as it can be done, what he has to do. The man who does that needn't worry about promotion. He doesn't have to look or scheme for promotion. Promotion will look for him. There is too much to be done for any man to be

overlooked who is able to turn to and do it, and who is willing to do it. Willingness is a big item. It is positively essential that a man be on good terms with his job, even if it isn't all he would like it to be, and that he should make every day's work the very best day's work he can do. The switchman who is forever thinking how much better yardmaster he would make than the man who has the job over him is hurting his chance of being a yardmaster, if he only knew it, because he is diminishing his efficiency, and it's efficiency that counts.

"A man does better simply to apply himself to every day's duty as it comes along. In that way he misses nothing, he masters his position, and fits himself for a bigger one quicker than he could by any other means; and as for advancement, it will come looking for him, because, as I said before, there is a vast demand for competent men in the high positions.

"Just look over the field; the fact is that there is more wealth in the country today than ever before, and the opportunities are correspondingly greater. Why, as railroading is done nowadays, there are

more superintendents than there were conductors when I started, and more general managers now than there were superintendents then. Now if you take a corresponding increase in all the other grades you will get some idea of the magnitude of the business and the chance it offers. Do you realize that out of the 90,000,000 population that the United States are credited with, approximately one-fortieth part to-day is composed of men employed by railroads; and that the wages to each man, are double, those paid thirty years ago for the same hours of work? That means a great deal to the boys who are starting out to-day.

“Another factor that makes for rapid promotion for young men nowadays, is that the conditions wear men out quicker. The tension is greater, necessarily, as the mechanism grows bigger and more complicated. Men used to stay in a job until they were simply played out, and in some cases actually died of old age while still in the service. They cannot do that now, because the older men have to make way for the younger men at a very much earlier age than formerly.”

LITTLE KIT.

Buaffalo Bill's Son, Kit Carson Cody, a Welcome
Heir, and a Splendid Boy.

I have often been asked: "Has Col. Cody a son?"

No, the Colonel has not a son. A boy was born to him and his wife years ago. The little one came to his home in the fall of 1870 I think it was, the idol of a happy home.

The happy father was far out in the west, scouting for the government when the news reached him. Many names were suggested for the little stranger, but the one suggested by Major Brown, that he be named after the old scout and frontiersman "Kit Carson," was chosen, and the young man was christened "Kit Carson Cody."

He had the many loveable traits of his charming mother, the clear truthful eye of his father, and bade fair to follow early in

the footsteps of his illustrious sire. Such was not to be, however, for a telegram reached Col. Cody in a distant city, that Kit, his Kit, his six year old boy, lay dangerously ill at Rochester, New York.

The Colonel who was at that time (1876) with his dramatic troupe at Springfield, Mass., left the stage and made all possible haste to the bedside of his son. The play was just starting for the evening, and Col. Cody sent for his business manager, Major John Burke, and showed him the telegram, and told him he would finish the first act but the Major must finish the play, and make excuse to the audience

He took the first train for Rochester and arrived there to find his beautiful boy in the throes of scarlet fever. However he seemed to recognize his father, and putting his little arms lovingly around his neck tried to kiss him.

All that medical science and faithful work could do was in vain, and his beloved little Kit died in his arms at 6 o'clock that evening.

But I'll not tear open the wound in my friend's big loving heart. We will leave him alone with his boy, Little Kit.

In Mount Hope, the beautiful city of the dead, the body of Little Kit was laid tenderly away, but through the long vista of years a childish voice comes to the Old Scout, "I'm waiting for you, Father."

A MILLIONAIRE.

Buffalo Bill Starts the City of Rome, Kansas.—
A Railroad Company Tries To Get in the
Game, But is Refused. So They Start a Town
Further on, and Rome Melts Away.—Nero Fiddle
While Rome Was Burning.—Cody Couldn't
Play the Fiddle, But He Lost Rome, the Same
as Nero Did, and Hayes City, Kansas, is the
Result.—But His Next Attempt Was Successful,
and the Beautiful City of Cody, Wyoming,
is the Result.

When Buffalo Bill comes with his great
show to the city, he owns the town. All
people turn out to greet the celebrated
scout.

Cody once owned a real town out west.
It was in the days when the Kansas Pacific
Railroad was pushing forward, and he, a
buffalo hunter, was furnishing the meat
for the workmen. One of his companions
and he conceived the idea of starting a
town. They staked out lots, built a general
store in crude primitive style and put in

a stock of goods such as would be used by the people of the border. Quite a number of buildings were erected and their scheme promised to make them rich.

In a short time a man named Webb came along, and wanted to get in on the deal, but Cody and his partner thought they had too good a thing to divide up. They declined his offer. It developed that he was the land agent of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and he had the road locate another town a few miles beyond, at which the trains would stop.

This settled the town of Rome, as the new town was named, for those who had settled there moved their buildings a few miles further along to the new town, which is to-day known as Hayes City. That is one time that Cody was a millionaire for a short time. He stood pat, however, even if he did lose Rome. Nero didn't have anything over Buffalo Bill, for ancient history tells us that he lost Rome, too.

He made another attempt in later days to start a town, and the result is the beautiful and flourishing city of Cody, Wyoming, the eastern gateway of the National Park, and one of the most progressive and boom-

ing towns of the great northwest. It is beautifully situated in the Rockies, and has water as pure as dew, and a climate which with its pine and ozone is nature's laboratory for health. It is a great resort for those who wish a delightful summer outing where fish and big game abound. With his grand hotel, "The Irma," and his string of Mountain trail houses, "Pahaska" and other camping places, his automobile stage line, his herds of saddle and hunting horses, his expert mountain guides, Buffalo Bill has pierced the Rockies with the Cody Trail and extends a royal welcome to pleasure seekers. Here again, the boy scout proves himself a pioneer, for he has placed a road through the mountains, and automobiles are humming merrily where many people said only a bird could fly. This time the railroad came to Cody's town.

The Burlington Route with its splendid trains lands the pleasure seeker right at the gate way of this western paradise, Cody City.

AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN.

Buffalo Bill Feels That He Wears the Proudest Title Man Can Bestow.—He declines with Thanks Complimentary Orders of Knighthood and Other Orders Tendered Him by Royalty, and in His Return of Thanks For Same Says He Has All the Honor He Can Stagger Under.

When Col. Cody was abroad with his great Wild West show, he was several times tendered orders of various kinds at the hands of rulers of the various kingdoms, in the shape of "knight" of this or that, but always declined.

In one instance when he passed up with thanks the sword and spurs, the meaning medal and the badge of ribbon, the insignia of royal favor, he said:

"You cannot tell how much this means to me, or how deeply I feel your royal appreciation of my efforts to amuse and instruct you and your people in the history of our own glorious west, and believe me when

I say that the proffer carries with it to my heart your good will and friendship, a testimonial in itself of which I shall ever be proud, and I hope I will not be misunderstood when I decline the official badge. In the first place, I am an American, pure and simple, which I consider all the honor due to a true American. My allegiance is to my own country and her flag, and to accept the official or royal insignia of your noble orders would make me not a strong subject implied or otherwise of your great country, but it would, by the fact of my accepting it make me less an American, or I should be a man with a divided allegiance. Your country and mine are friends. The bonds of commerce unite them. On the high seas we salute each other's flag. Your nobility is staunch and true to their sovereign, so I, as an American beg to remain true to my sovereign flag, and at the same time remain your friend, as our glorious banner is your friend.

"So, your highness, permit me with thanks to decline your kind offer."

Do you think that royalty went off in a huff and felt chagrined?

Not on your life. They admired the

American, and to this day there has never been accorded to a private citizen, American or native, the courtesies showered upon Buffalo Bill, and he is probably the only American who ever dined enfamille with royalty.

That is the true blood of an "American Scout." In this country every man is a king, and the stars and stripes is his most noble emblem of orders.

Now, you "Boy Scouts," in your every day life, keep ever before you the fact that you are an American—a king—and so live that your actions shall reflect credit upon our beautiful banner, and see to it that no act of yours shall contribute to its disgrace.

Be Americans.

WE LAY DOWN THE PEN.

IN THIS LITTLE BOOK OUR MESSAGE IS FINISHED.—
WE ARE NO LONGER BOY SCOUTS.—WE HAVE
CROSSED THE RISE, AND NOW THE BEACON LIGHTS
ON THE GREAT DIVIDE BECKON TO US.—IF, HOW-
EVER, WE ARE SPARED A FEW MORE MOONS, IF
THE GREAT CHIEF DEEMS IT WELL TO PROLONG
OUR LIFE, WE MAY HAVE MORE OF THE HISTORY
OF THE WEST, FOR YOU.

Boys, I reluctantly lay down the pen on this brief history, this hashed history. I feel that if all our Boy Scouts read it thoroughly and between the lines they will be the better for its perusal. I have stuck close to facts, and though figures and dates may be in a measure jumbled up, I have printed the facts in the life of the original Boy Scout commencing at the age of 9, up to and including the years of his manhood. I have told without the gloss of varnish the boyhood life of one of the greatest pioneers in our country's history.

I have covered nothing and nothing has been uncovered which the Last of the Great Scouts will not say "It is all right."

We were boys, just boys, the same as you are. Our tastes were the same. Our games were in keeping with the red blood of youth, but our environments were different. Where you are surrounded with walls of brick and stone, the boundless prairies were our play grounds. Where you are barred by the sections of streets and wards, our only menace were the red men of the plains.

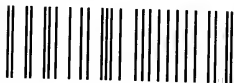
And yet, looking back, those red men were susceptible to kindness, and we had warm friends among the various tribes. True, it is, that our government took by force their homes, their hunting grounds, and just as true they felt aggrieved, the same as you and I would feel should some strong party seek to deprive us of our homes. We would fight—so did they.

I am not about to write a labored essay upon the wrongs of the Indian, but simply seeking for a proper close of this sketch.

Buffalo Bill, my friend, I have known and loved for half a hundred years. He

has proven true. He has been the entering wedge for the civilization of America's Great West. He has made his mark, and I shall, as I raise my hat in greeting, say Hail and Farewell, America's, Greatest American.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 754 999 4